

## Bear in Mind

That the Special Issue  
of the

## Harvest & Thanksgiving War Cry

Will be dated August 26th, and  
will contain much that will  
be of ....

### EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST.

Some of our Best Writers will  
contribute to its pages.

A contribution from

MISS BOOTH  
will be THE ARTICLE of the  
Special Number.

For Fuller Announcement of Contents see  
our Next Edition.



### To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part  
of the globe, bedridden, or, as far as possible, seek  
wronged women and children, or any one in distress.  
Address: Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Allen  
St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope.  
Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray a  
portion.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to send  
regularly through this column and to notify the  
Commissioner if they are able to give any information  
about persons advertised for.

### (First Insertion.)

WALTER BURROUGHS. Age 21,  
height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, dark eyes,  
farmer. Last heard of in Montreal.  
Any news of him gratefully received.  
Address: Enquiry, Toronto.

MRS. DUNN. Mrs. Lamb has heard  
of in Barrie nine years ago. May have  
up to U. S. A. Dark complexion,  
light 5 ft. Has two thumbs on one  
hand. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

### (Second Insertion.)

SHOOP CAMPBELL LAIRD. Fair  
complexion,



blue eyes,  
brown hair,  
slender, me-  
dium height,  
well educa-  
ted. Last  
heard of in  
Toronto, W.  
T. Mother  
broken-  
hearted to see

or only child. Has money for him.  
STEWART, C. B. Last heard from  
Regina. Aunt Layna Stewart, of  
goreau, wishes to hear from him.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HEWLETT, HARRY. Age 22. Oc-  
cupation painter. Five feet 7 1/2 in.  
tall. Little flat-footed. Walks on  
s heels. Missing two years. Last  
heard from Toronto. Address En-  
quiry, Toronto.

RAFFELLE, ROBERT. Soldier by  
trade. Married. Height 5 ft. Age  
1. Dark hair, blue eyes, pale com-  
plexion. Last known address, Rail-  
road Cross Keys, B.C. Address En-  
quiry, Toronto.

THURLOW, WM. Steward on ves-  
sel consisting between Canada and West  
Indies. Age 50. Height 5 ft. 5 in.  
gray hair and eyes. Sallow comple-  
xion. Wife in England very anxious.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of  
the Salvation Army, printed and  
published by John M. C. Horn, S.A.,  
Printing House, 18 Albert Street,  
Toronto.

# NEXT WEEK! SPECIAL HARVEST FESTIVAL WAR CRY!



15th Year. No. 47.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

## HOW THEOPH- ILUS TIGHT- FIST PRAYED.

Our Father Which art in Heaven... And dost not take much stock of what is going on in earth.

Hallowed be Thy name ..... And feared is my name in this town.

Thy kingdom come ..... But not until I make the most of this life.

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. And my will in my house and store.

Give us this day our daily bread .. Let others look out for themselves.

And forgive us our debts as we for- And woe be to those who don't pay give our debtors, rent promptly.

And lead us not into temptation... Except when I'm quite safe from the devil law.

But deliver us from evil ..... And from tenants that pay no rent.

For Thine is the kingdom, and the And mine is the money, and half the power, and the glory, forever, town is mortgaged to me forever,

AMEN!

## AND HOW HE PRAC- TISED.

## JUDGE NOT!

A BACKSLIDER'S STORY.

By W. J. THOMPSON, Bermuda.

WHEN I first set out to serve God, after being an atheist for about ten and a-half years, I thought it impossible that I ever could fall, and I was very hard in my judgment of those that did fall. I used to say that if a man or woman once got properly converted, they could not possibly backslide. But I was soon to alter my opinion, for I had built my own house upon the sand, and I soon began to feel my foundation giving way. It happened in this way:

There was a comrade with whom for some reason I could never get on. I often asked myself why, but I couldn't answer the question. I searched my heart, but to no avail. I wondered if I was jealous of him, for he was talented, and although, like myself, only a young convert, was frequently called upon to read the lesson in the meetings and to assist in various other ways, for he was well educated and could speak well. On the other hand, I always used to get flurried even in giving a simple testimony. To get the better of my feelings of dislike I tried to conceal it from everyone, and acted towards the comrade as though I loved him the same as anyone else, but that terrible feeling seemed to get worse, instead of better. Whenever we were talking together with other comrades I would always jump at the chance of an argument with him, and then I generally lost my temper, and would go home that night feeling miserable with myself and everyone else, and although I invariably got the victory at my bedside, it was only to be defeated again at the next opportunity.

At last that comrade himself came and spoke to me about it. He asked me what had come between us. I sorely knew what answer I made him, but I know I insulted him and he left me with a look of pain on his face. That night I went to bed without praying, and when we neglect to ask God for help we soon fall altogether. The following two days I spent very miserably, and then I went out intending to go to the soldiers' meeting and get right with God. But the devil hadn't done with me yet. On my way there I had to pass a public house, from whence came the sound of laughter, singing and jingling of glasses. It sounded very attractive to me in the frame of mind I was in, and to cut a long story short, after trying for over twenty minutes to get the victory, I rushed inside and called for some beer.

## The Devil had Gained the Day.

I drank several glasses straight off, and then I was soon in the thick of the dancing and singing. I was drinking beer like water in a vain endeavor to stifle my conscience. I tried to get drunk, but to no avail, for whereas the men around me succumbed one after another to the effect of the liquor, I seemed proof against it.

## My Saviour's Face was Ever Before Me.

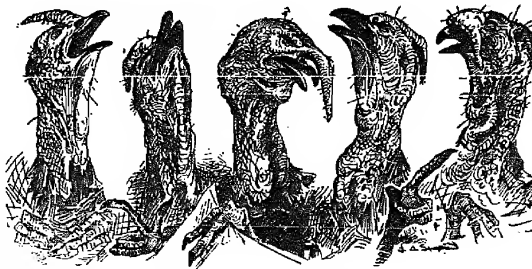
For the next two days I kept this up, and then only stopped because I had spent all my money. Then my conscience troubled me more than ever. I could see how weak in faith I had been: I had been relying too much upon my own strength, instead of leaning on Christ Jesus.

I believe if I had spoken to the comrade concerning my feelings towards him, and if we had prayed about it, I should have gained the victory over it. Take warning, friends, and don't let the devil get hold of you if you are tempted in any way. Go to the Lord for help. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Can you picture the misery of a backslider? The thought that you have lost everything worth having. Oh, the wakeful hours at night, longing to get on your knees and ask God to forgive you, and yet afraid to do so!

## Afraid to Face Your God,

after the vile manner in which you have forsaken Him?

But one day I opened my Bible at random and found this passage: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," Heb. xiii. Oh, what a merciful God have we! I could see His hand in this: I dropped on my knees and prayed long and earnestly for forgiveness, and praise God, received it. I had only been in the world a week, but it seemed months of misery to me.



## TURKEY'S DEATH SONG.

DEATH is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but since we all come under the law of death, we might as well prepare for it. A Turkey's preparation for death is a good life. So I advise, you, my comrades, to feel well and sleep well. If we have to die it is best to die for a good cause, and if we die in a good condition we shall bring the most in a good cause. Perhaps you do not know that our mistress has promised the fairest of us to the Captain of the Salvation Army, for Harvest Festival. This should prove an incentive to us all to strive in friendly competition to fatten up quickly. Who is likely to be the happy winner? I don't know but I would not desire a better cause to die for than that of the Salvation Army.

# WHAT — HAS BEEN DONE WITH THE — MONEY

## WHICH I HAVE GIVEN DURING PREVIOUS APPEALS, TO THE SALVATION ARMY?

Ans.—The money has enabled us to make great advances in our efforts for the spiritual and social salvation of men, women and children.

How can you prove this to my satisfaction?

Ans.—Here are the figures of what has been accomplished during the last three years:

We have 15 more Corps than we had three years ago.  
We have 4 extra Rescue Homes.  
We have 7 additional Shelters.  
We have increased 50 Officers.

" " 1,395 Local Officers.  
" " 2,113 Soldiers.  
" " 2,573 Junior Soldiers.  
" " 2,945 B. of L. Members.  
" " 585 Companies weekly.  
" " 1,491 B. of L. attendance weekly.  
" " 4,414 J. S. attendance weekly.

We supply 9,675 Meals extra per month.

" " 5,076 Beds extra per month.

Besides caring for a larger number of fallen girls and helpless children.

I went, at the first opportunity, to the comrade I had disliked. I found that he disliked for him had left my heart. We had a long talk together and I told him everything. He forgave me, as I knew he would, and now we are working in unity together for Christ. Praise His Name for ever.

I believe I have this time built my house on the solid rock, the rock of Christ Jesus. My only desire now is to be a servant of the Lord.

## Don't Stop—Move On!

"In every to-day walks a to-morrow." If you have made great achievements, if you have done splendid work, if you stand high in other people's esteem, and especially in your own, do not stop to

write bulletins of victory to yourself and others. The only reward worth the having for having done good work yesterday is a chance to do better work to-morrow. The only reward for having reached a certain milestone in life's journey is the chance to do a better day's journey the next day. On the other hand, if you have failed, if through your own fault and your own folly, or the fault and the folly of others, you have seemed to lose your chance, if you have lost the simple faith of your childhood, if you have atrophied your faculties, even if you have assumed your blood, begin where you are to-day, and out of the treasured experience of the past, with all its good, and also with all its evil, set your face forward towards a nobler and more splendid future.

And never say you are too old. You

do not say it now, perhaps; but by and by, when the hair grows grey, and the eyes grow dim, and the young despair comes to curse the old age, you will say, "It is too late for me." Never too late! Never too old! How old are you—thirty, fifty, eighty? What is that in immortality? We are but children. When I hear a man saying it is too late, it seems to me as when two little children are playing in a nursery, and the one who has dropped his doll and broken it, and seeing the saddest man out, says, "Life is not worth living." You have eternity before you. Begin, not from an imaginary past, to which you can never go back; but from an imaginary future which you have not reached. Begin from the present, with all its treasury of good—yes, and with all its treasury of evil. And, keeping the pathway unbroken from the past to the future, lead on to life to larger life, and yet larger life, answering the calling of Him Whose call is ever upward, onward.—Mr. Lyman Abbott.

## Three Good Samaritans.

## A DINNER-HOUR EXPERIENCE.

One morning, when at my work, I saw, to my astonishment, a tall, good-looking young woman, clothed in dirty rags, come staggering along the street; she was not drunk, as one might have thought, but shook through sheer want and exposure. My workmates called out at her shameful sneers and jeers, all of which would tend to crush more than ever the poor creature.

My heart, as a Salvationist, went out in tenderness after her. My soul breathed out a prayer on her behalf, and, to my joy, she hadn't gone far before she retraced her steps, and, in re-passing our place, I saw as never before the coldness of the world, when strong, robust men laughed at her downfall. This gave me a chance of seeing more closely that there was in her just that which would make a fine, bonnie Salvationist for Jesus Christ. It was near the dinner-hour, and I asked God to take care of her for me till dinner-time, and so He did; for when I walked into the recreation-ground I found her on a seat, with some rude lads round her.

I interfered at once, and asked them to let the young woman alone. They quickly obliged me, as they knew I was a Salvationist. I dealt lovingly with her, told her what I was, and my business, and her reply was:

"No one will befriend me for nothing; so no away, or I will give you a smack in the face."

Still I pleaded with her, and she told me her sad story. She confessed, and I could plainly see, that suicide was almost the next step. But I had already accomplished the work of bringing into her soul a ray of sunlight. By this time dinner-hour was gone, so I gave her the money to buy a good meal, and succeeded in getting her to promise to meet me after the day's work, which closed at 5:30.

To my joy, she proved true to her word and was there. Another hour was spent in persuading her to come with me and get advice from our office. But this she said she would not do, as she had a dread of being sent into one of the Homes. I was bent on victory at all costs, so I managed to get her to Lockhart's coffee-shop and gave her a nourishing meal, and she promised me she would stay there while I went home, had tea, and changed my natty clothes for my uniform.

While at tea, I told my landlady what had made me so late. My landlady, by the way, is a line type of early-day Salvationist, and this woman of God, having an eye to business for her Saviour, said:

"Bring her round, and let's see what she's like."

This I gladly did at once. We found that she was twenty-four years of age, and only needed a rig-out of clothes and boots, a good wash-up, and dressing with in a loving manner, and she would be snatched from a suicide's grave, and be saved in a two-fold sense—soul and body.

Praise God! this was done by our kind landlady, giving me a clean and care, my fellow-lodger, Sergt. Row, giving half towards a new pair of boots and something for herself; I gave the other half towards the boots. Then we had a red-hot prayer meeting, got the girl nicely saved through the Blood of Jesus, and a bumping blessing to our own souls. She is still with us, and is as bright, and as happy, and grateful as possible. We give Jesus every bit of the glory.

AUSTRALIA  
REVUE

Commissioner Pollard

These assaults trip and no incident is recorded off the inevitably tragedy. The flag feet of attack, and no mean service to endowed with great but proportionately One night the Hosts the Army (this was which the Peckham known) was struck lance of the flagstaff

## Pointing

"What are all the asked someone, on covered like the for give 'em a warm to the gallant stand. "I'll make 'em kick to-night, old chap!" I do so, I sweat to of course, in a u with reluctance the humor swallowed the weapons of op eternal but spiritual. "What would have suit of the Army's him it is difficult to end if a few weeks served with a unit which begins a chapter in our stor

## CHAIR

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Thank God! this was done by our ladyland giving her clothes and a good wash-up, and dealing with in a loving manner, and she would be rescued from a suicide's grave, and be in a two-fold sense—soul and body.

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## AUSTRALASIA REVISITED.

### Commissioner Pollard's Reminiscences

These assaults tried human nature, and an incident is recalled which sets off the inevitably comic side to this tragedy. The day was the chief object of attack, and the fine-cutter had no mean service to perform. It was endowed with great physical power, but proportionately small patience. One night the Rosemary Branch of the Army (this was the name under which the Peckham Corps was then known) was started by the appearance of the flagstaff.

#### Pointing a Moral.

"What are all those spikes for?" asked someone, on beholding it, all covered like the top of a pallid. "To give 'em a warm time to-night, huss," the gallant, slouching-looking, replied. "I'll make 'em kick against the pricks to-night, old chap!"

A dose of sweet reasonableness had, of course, to be applied; but it was with reluctance that the standard-bearer swallowed the doctrine that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual.

What would have been the final result of the Army's operations in Peckham if it is difficult to guess; but at the end of a few weeks the captain was served with a notice to quit, with which begins a new and thrilling chapter in our story.

### CHAPTER III. OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

Before entering the Training Home, George Pollard went through what will, perhaps, ever remain the last of a Candidate for the fight for God can be put to. The removal of the Army's work on Peckham to an old Baptist Chapel in Waltham was intended by the Chief of the Staff, whose presence and the inspiration of whose counsel fanned the flame of a desperate contest for saving souls, which was answered by an increase in the fury of opposition.

At this time George Pollard applied for a clerkship at the Headquarters of the Army, then situated in Whitechapel Road. His application was refused, and Commissioner Pollard has been able to use this letter in the book of his career to practical use many times since. He was not wanted for office work, and was a rifle devotee and young to be sent into the field, although the Field staff in urgent need of the blood and brain-stuff of which Pollard was made.

This urgency will be appreciated when we state that, later on, the division of Commissioner Pollard's training was measured by three weeks; and yet he refers even now to the something which he then received as constituting a bulwark against the attacks of the enemy.

#### Devonshire House.

"The Training Home of those days was not the complete establishment which it now is," says the Commissioner. "What I learned then, however, has been a source of help in many different circumstances through which I have been called to pass. There are people to be found even now, who think that our system of training is seriously at fault, because it is not solely and vitally theological and scholastic. They do not know us. In those times, as now, fighting Christianity will drive back the influence of the age. The Training Home compels you to be in earnest. It sets before each man and woman the actual saving of souls as the ideal of his and her life; and, though I had not the privilege of attending many lectures, I learnt enough to confirm me in my faith, give me a clear and definite conception to-day, just the opportunities to put my cooperation to the test.

"Two things are stamped upon my memory in connection with the three weeks I spent in Devonshire House. One was a lecture by Commissioner Howard; he was then Vice-Principal. About twenty Cadets were present.

#### The Vice-Principal.

"In his peculiarly impressive style, the Vice-Principal said something to

## THE WAR CRY.

3

this effect: 'My lads, when I see you in this room I do not think of what you are, but what you will be. Without assuming the role of a prophet, there are some of you who will become the leading officers of the Army in the future.'

"On our way that night to the old Bellini Green Arch—to receive a plentiful supply of rotten vegetables and shafts—I opened a discussion on the joke of the day—the Vice-Principal's prophecy. We had lively discussions at times, but they never rose higher than a Lieutenant or Captaincy, or, to be more correct, a chance to do some fighting for God and saving souls.

#### Presentiments.

"The other link of some interest was a presentiment I had a week before I quitted the Training Home. It was the first of not a few presentiments or impressions—call them what you will—I have had in my life. What influence led me to say that within a week I should be sent out of the Training Home, I will not say; but I was so positive that it would be so that I mentioned it to more than one Cadet. Therefore, when Commissioner Howard called me aside one morning I knew what it meant. I was sent to Portablow, in Ireland, with my travelling expenses, the blessing of Commissioner Howard, and an injunction to lie flat on my back if I desired to avoid being sea-sick crossing the Channel!"

#### Quick Work.

There was, our readers will observe, a blissful dispensing of responsibility to young men in those days. In Capt. Pollard's case he more than justified the wisdom of his superiors. He was a success at Portablow, Basford (near Nottingham) and Marylebone.

His work of warfare had now flown in them, if we dare use the word; he was reckless of his own physical resources, so that when the call came for New Zealand, it found the young Captain not in the least wind-blown state.

"We shall be in New Zealand within twelve months from the present date," he read out in the War Cry at breakfast one morning.

His Lieutenant asked, "Where is that?"

"Somewhere near the moon, I suppose; but wherever it is I shall go."

And so he did. Another presentiment.

#### "George!"

Later on, and while resting at Matlock, a deep feeling oppressed him that he ought to go to Manchester and visit his sick relative. "I shall never see her again," he remarked, on leaving his rooming quarters. While at Manchester a letter was dispatched to Matlock by I. H. Q., asking him to come to London as soon as possible, and raising the question whether he would be prepared to go to New Zealand and start a corps there. When he reached London he was ignorant of this letter, and before calling at I. H. Q., as was a custom with our hero, his disposition led him to a certain quarter on the south side of the Thames. It would never do for him to visit the great city without paying his compliments to his old treasurer.

"I see that there is a great farewell of officers for foreign service in Exeter Hall, George," remarked Miss Portrey to him on his leaving. (The use of the Christian name here will suggest an expected development.)

"Yes, so I noticed; and I shall be the one-hundred-and-first. I expect to be sent to New Zealand." And he was—another presentiment.

The first person of importance he met at I. H. Q. that day was Commissioner Pollard.

"So you have received our letter?" the Secretary questioned.

"What letter?"

"Oh, the one sent to Matlock, asking if you were ready for New Zealand."

"I did not receive it; I went to Manchester on some family affairs. But it is all right. I have had a presentiment that you wanted me to be the one-hundred-and-first," was the reply.

This was in the month of November, 1881; but it was not until February of the following year that Capt. George Arthur Pollard, accompanied by Lieut. Edward Wright, of whom we shall have something to say later on—unhappily for the Colony of New Zealand.

In the interval his work was versatile. His "travelling" had to be raised. There was no Self-Denial Fund, and Captain Pollard had to visit camps, attend the needs of the distant land to which he was commissioned, and one of the events was his walking through the streets of Stockton in a white cotton suit, with a lawn frock and a deep covering of snow on the ground.

"The day at last arrived; but so singularly indifferent were Capt. Pollard and his colleagues to their future needs that the question of embarking on a thirteen-thousand-mile journey, and on such a mission as the one on which they were bent, without money, never once entered their minds.

Someone suggested to Commissioner Pollard that the New Zealand party might require a few pounds to open New Zealand, secure buildings, furnish quarters, etc.

"Certainly, certainly," remarked the Commissioner.

The Cashier of the Training Home had some hours, however, when the discovery was made, and no one resident in the neighborhood, friendly to the Army, possessed such a capital as to tide over the need for twenty-four hours.

The General was appealed to, and, by dint of some amalgamation of temporary travelling funds and some friends' assistance, the twenty pounds were raised, and next morning Capt. Pollard—with the Army Flag presented by Mrs. General Booth—and Lieut. Wright mounted an old wagon that stood at the gates of the Congress Hall, and amid the halloos and God-speeds of the Cadets, the New Zealand expedition fulfilled the presentiment of the one-hundred-and-first.

And Cadet Portrey, who had exchanged her place at Peckham for a Clerkship at Clifton, was the last to wave her handkerchief, and something like tears glistened in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

### What Sanctification has done for Me.

It has removed from my heart all carnal depravity, making it entirely pure. It has filled my soul with pure love to God and man. Love made perfect.

It has given me a peace, sweet peace, undisturbed by the trials and conflicts of life.

Through sanctification I have acquired an unshaken faith, with regard to my own acceptance with God.

It teaches me to watch and pray, always guarding my heart against temptation which can only affect my intellectual powers, but cannot harm the soul.

## THE DATES FOR THE Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY  
ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th,  
(INCLUSIVE).



"Now, Father, what can I do for Harvest Festival?"

It enables me to have sweet and uninterfered communion with Christ, so that where I am, He is also.

It causes me to more rapidly develop and grow in grace, than when only justified.

It helps me to put confidence in my brother Christian, and leads me to think that there are numbers of people as good and better than I am.

It humbles me greatly and leads me to give God all the glory for all blessings bestowed upon me, and to praise Him if I am made a blessing to others.

It has fitted me for work, wear, life, death, and the Judgment.

F. HOWELL, Capt.,  
Morton's Harbor.

### LORD, TAKE THOU ME!

A cry from Macedonia breaks my dream,  
Still in my ears the pleading tones  
do call:  
Across the waters beckoning dangers  
to see me.

To beg me, for Christ's sake, surrender all.  
Can I do aught Thy messenger to be?  
I will Thy mandate: O Lord, take Thou me!

Prepare me with the panoply divine,  
Without Thy armor I am sure to fail;  
Gird me with truth, and with Thy sword and sign.

Upon my going forth I must prevail.  
My Lord's knight errant, here on battle's lance  
I crave to fight the fight. Lord, take Thou me!

Grant me that hunger for immortal souls,  
Thine own heart's yearning for the erring ones,  
The love of God which mercifully rolls  
Around the world and for its sin-  
ners.

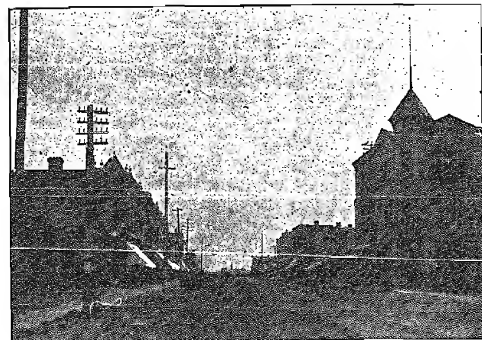
Shows how the Cross can set the sin-  
ner free.  
May I this message speak? Lord, take Thou me!

Open for me Thy providential door.  
Then give me readiness to enter in.  
Search Thou my soul, and let Thy Spirit pour.

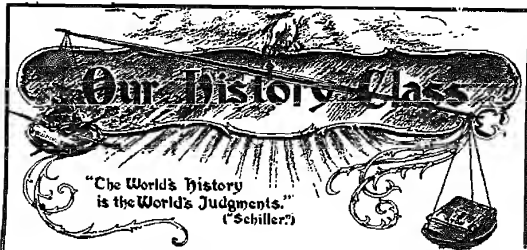
To cleanse, to inspire my humblest thought within.  
And with a single eye Thy purpose see.  
My only wish, Thy will, Lord, take Thou me!

Take me for sunny days or darksome night.  
Take me for hottest fight or watch-  
ing lone.  
Take me to face the wrong, defend the right.  
Take me to comfort and support

Thine own.  
I am but one, but all that one to Thee  
Without reserve I bring. Thou wilt take me!



Main Street, Jampstown N.D.



## L—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

## CHAPTER V.

## SOLON AND THE ATHENIANS.

Athens was the lovely capital of the Ionian State of Attica. The city was named after her fabled patron, Pallas Athena, the goddess of War and Wisdom. Theseus is claimed by the Athenians as their first King and lawgiver. A heroic deed of self-sacrifice is told of their last King, Codrus. When the Dorians were conquering the country adjoining theirs, an oracle had told them that they would never succeed in conquering Athens if they slew the King of that city. The Dorians were forbidden, therefore, to strike at Codrus, who purposely exposed himself in the battles. He therefore disguised himself, went into the Dorian camp and picked a quarrel with one of the enemy's soldiers, allowing himself to be killed in that manner to save his country.

After the death of Codrus, the Athenians honored his memory by deciding that they would not have anyone less noble sitting in his seat. The Kingship was abolished and a democratic government established.

Unfortunately a state of misrule resulted soon from this change, in consequence of which the people called upon Draco, the philosopher, to frame laws for them. Draco did so; his laws were good but very strict, death being the punishment for the least crime. These rigid laws being impossible to be kept, fell into disuse and were forgotten. The confusion grew worse until another lawgiver, Solon, undertook to draw up a fresh code of laws.

Solon lived at an age of extreme mental activity and development. He was one of the famous Seven Wise Men of Greece. He was an Athenian by birth and of the old royal line. He had served his country as a warrior and had also the experience of extensive travels. The Athenians beseeched him to compile new laws for them at the time they were worried with the misrule of the rich and great.

His laws provided a government of nine chief magistrates who were elected every three years. A council of 400 nobles worked with them, somewhat resembling our Senate. Peace and war and banishment of a dangerous individual was only decided by the whole of the people, who voted according to their tribes. Solon's laws were not harsh and unnatural like those of Sparta. People were allowed to live as they pleased, but schools for learning and physical exercise had to be attended by all children. There is no mistake that the consequences of Solon's laws were most marked; for in Athens arose some of the greatest and noblest men of all times. The Athenians were as brave as the Spartans, but much more thoughtful and wise. It is well-known that they were a people of excellent taste and unsurpassed sense of beauty; their monuments of sculpture and architecture serve as models to our present-day artists.

As it is today, so it was in the olden times; one fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer. Solon was so annoyed by foolish questions about his solutions, that he went traveling, after having set things in order.

Solon abhorred untruthfulness. He asked once a great actor, whether he was not ashamed to tell so many falsehoods. "It is only in sport," replied Theophrastus, the actor. "But he that tells lies in sport will soon tell them in earnest," was Solon's impatient reply.

In his journeys he visited Lydia, which was a kingdom of Greek settlers in Asia Minor. Its river, Pactolus, contained gold dust in its sand, and its King, Croesus, was exceedingly rich. The latter welcomed Solon magnificently and showed him his immense wealth and

rare treasures. Expecting that Solon would be impressed with it all, the King asked the philosopher whom he judged to be the happiest man.

"An honest man, Telmis," replied Solon, "who lived untruly, was neither rich nor poor, had good children, and died bravely for his country." Croesus was vexed at his answer, since he expected a flattering reply as to his own person.

but he asked who was the next happiest man.

"Two brothers, Cleobis and Biton," said Solon, "who were so loving and dutiful to their mother, that, when she wanted to go to the temple, they yoked themselves to her car and drew her thither; then, having given this proof of their love, lay down to sleep, and die without pain or grief."

"And what do you think of me?" impatiently asked Croesus.

"Ah!" replied the philosopher, "call no man happy till he is dead."

Croesus afterwards went to war against Cyrus, the King of the Medes and Persians, who captured Babylon and restored Jerusalem. Lydia was conquered and Croesus was about to be slain, when, remembering Solon's words, "Call no man happy till he is dead," he cried out; "O Solon, Solon, Solon!"

Cyrus heard him, inquired after the meaning of the exclamation, and was so struck with the explanation received, that he spared Croesus and retained him as counsellor for the rest of his life.

(To be continued.)

## The General in Stockholm.

A Magnificent Fleet of 22 Steamers takes the Salvation Army Excursion Down an Inland Sea—18,000 People Crowd into Beautiful Soderfelge to Hear the General—A Deluge—Like Rain—Meetings in Circus and Theatre.

THE morning was bright and blue, the lake calm as a pond, and the organization so absolutely and completely perfect, that not the least appearance of a hitch occurred. Four or five thousand spectators lined the piers to witness the departure of the flotilla. Purely as a sight, these early risers were well repaid. The steamers, as each turned her nose into mid-stream, struck a chord of interest on the piers, for each represented either a Division of the country, or a department of the Army's work. The majority are painted white, and this, with the streams of flags flying from masthead to masthead, and the bright scarlet and blue serges of the soldiers formed a pretty picture, when brightened, as it was, with a glittering sun. The duck-like move of the General's steamer from the pier, and her sudden veering round, was the signal for the pent-up enthusiasm of the fleet and the people to let itself loose. Burst after burst of cheering thrilled the scene. Then the band on the small quarter-deck, as soon as her snow-white hull lay broadside to the concourse on the shore, struck up a Swedish melody. The General clutched the captain's bridge, waved his hat and in an instant lake and land were transformed into a whirling, fluttering stream of white. It was a pretty sight.

## On the Sea.

Fully two hours were occupied in sailing down the inland sea to the village port and holiday-centre of Soderfelge. And all the way we had a succession of scenes, on a smaller scale, similar to the parking at the pier. Families in camp at the sea-side, or on the verandahs of villas, dattered the inevitable handkerchief. Lake steamers put up full colors as they passed the General, and cheered lustily for the Army.

From barges, boats, yachts, skiffs, the salute came loud and frequent; but the charm of charms was the sweet and moral influence on board the Salvation Army. No drink, no smoke, no cards, no hypocrisy, no disorder of any kind; yet perfect freedom, ecstasy, and recreation. The music was ceaseless, the singing divine; both interspersed with prayer, testimony, and appeal to the man or woman who had come to the fest without the wedding garment.

## The Deluge.

Along a baking and dusty road, shadowed by trees, the soldiers tramped to the Army's grounds, the entire disembarkation and other arrangements being carried out once more without a hitch.

The camp at Soderfelge is a patch of forest, the freehold property of the Army. In form it consists of a hill with a steeper incline on the east than on the west side. The platform and orchestra which will seat 1,500 people, has a



COMMISSIONER OLIPHANT, Commanding Our Swedish Troops.

shining roof, and is on the east base of the hill.

The space in front of the platform is dotted with tall larch and pine trees, and will seat 3,500. When filled with people it looks like a massive gallery. Surrounding the entrance are myriads of coffee and mineral water vendors from the city and surrounding villages. Near the entrance to the grounds—which are, of course, enclosed by eight-foot boarding—is a storm refuge. Auxiliaries' canteen, general canteen, and tents for the various departments.

In this vast natural amphitheatre the General led a holiness meeting and a salvation meeting—the first at 11:30, the second at 3:15. Announced as were the grounds before the meetings began, at the sound of the bugle they assumed cathedral-like stillness—a further testimony to the people's interest in the real issues of the day and to the good arrangement.

At eleven a sudden gloom fell on the scene. A cloud as big as a city and as black as ink rested right above the grounds.

I have been caught in a rain on a Welsh mountain, stood on the deck of a P. and O. in Colombo Harbor while the heavens dropped bucketfuls of water, but nothing I have experienced can compare with this deluge at Soderfelge. It bowed canteens and tents to the ground, swamped stalls, flooded the natural gutters, and drenched people to the skin.

Such visitations, however, are always brief, and as soon as the cloud dissolved itself and a stream of sunshine struck

through the foliage, there was a rush to the amphitheatre, and in fifteen minutes the General was giving out the song with the refrain, "Send the Fire!" and facing a congregation of five thousand! Not a drop of rain descended after that sog during the whole day.

## The Fire.

And the fire fell. Solon has the General risen to an opportunity he did on this occasion. His address, necessarily hurried because of the deluge, was piercing. He touched upon almost every excuse which the human heart coaxes for postponing a definite surrender of the will to God. The silence of the scene was awful. I sat on the platform for half-an-hour, and then crawled up to the height, and at both points studied the effects of the General's preaching. Again I was impressed by the silence. It was the silence of condemnation—the silence that overcomes the guilty when the books of God (the Conscience and the Truth) are opened.

Then there came the appeal. People here and there looked as if they wanted someone to act for them and push them to the Cross. You couldn't call the prayer meeting a struggle; it was too much of a reality to be described as other than a Judgment Hall one minute, and Liberty Hall the next. Mugs, sticks as were our garments, oppressive as was the atmosphere, not a couple of hundred persons left the place when the thirteenth soul was announced at the penitent form, and the meeting was then in full swing. Fifty yielded.

In the afternoon the crowd was augmented considerably, and again the General handled them with the same matchless skill that compelled interest in his message and the same wonderful manifestation of coexisting power.

An interesting ceremony preceded this meeting. Hanged immediately behind the General were twenty-five Corps Cadets, who, at the bidding of the General, stepped forward before the hand-rail, and were dedicated as the first initiates of this growing movement, under the colors.

The General's charge after referring to the progress of the Corps Cadets in England, was an injunction of faith, truthfulness, self-denial, and perseverance. The Cadets were of a bright and intelligent order, and as the entire company rose, and, with right hand outstretched towards the flag, the General prayed, a feeling of sympathy swept over the congregation, and many hearts were melted. Twenty-five men and women sought salvation at the close. A march-past, a well-arranged and pictorial affair, with a procession to the boats, closed the events of the day. But the most striking sight as such, was the final farewell at Soderfelge piers. The shades of night had fallen when the boats dropped their moorings, and as they steamed out of the narrow lock, with the bands in full blast, the echo on the still air was fascinating, especially when the eyes rested on the banks and hills marked black and white with the thousands and thousands of people wishing the General God-speed.

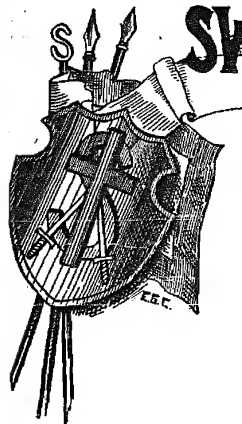
## Salvation in a Circus.

The Alhambra of Stockholm was engaged for two meetings the next day. On both occasions it was full. The Circus is most awkwardly adapted for salvation meetings. It has twenty-five separate entrances, each leading to a sort of sheep-pen enclosure, with no direct aisle to the penitent form. The promenade circus is wide, and was the rendezvous of all the characters that, to say the least do not add to the reputation of the establishment.

The General's task was Goliath. God marvelously helped him. The Holy Ghost spoke powerfully through his winged arrows of searching truth, and perhaps the best battle the General has set won on the Continent of Europe was decided when fifty men and women walked, or were led, from all parts of the circus into the arena.

But this, after all, is but the skeleton, or framework of the General's visit to Stockholm. The soul of it was himself. The gulps of the campaign cannot be tabulated from the returns of the recruiting-sergeant, encouraging as those were. The most prominent results were undoubtedly those of which the public knew nothing.

The General held four Field Officers' meetings, a united meeting of Local and Field Officers, and a Staff meeting—all richly clothed with an union of love and unity such as found a fitting expression in a baptism of sympathy and loyalty at the close, which made it difficult for the Officers to separate from each other.



## Weekly Watchword:

## Thy Will be Done

"Children that lay their pretty garments by  
So piously, yet with a humble mind  
Sailors who, when the ship rocks  
The wind,  
Cast out the freight with half-averted eyes,  
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,  
Lest they should never gain the vessel  
Ed-for shore—  
Thus we, O Father! standing Thy before,  
Do lay down at Thy feet without sigh,  
Each after each our precious thing  
and care,  
Our dear heart-jewels and our gold  
lands fair;  
Perhaps Thou knowest that the flower  
would die,  
And the long-veined boards he found  
but dust;  
So tookst them while meekly;  
Thine we trust  
For incorruptible treasure. Thou  
just."

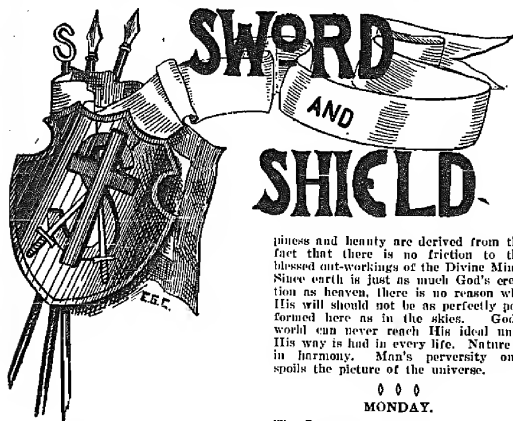
## DAILY TONIC.

## SUNDAY.

Earth and the Skies Unite in Sublimation—Matt. vi. 10.  
God's will in heaven's land. It's his







### Weekly Watchword: Thy Will be Done.

"Children that buy their pretty garlands  
by  
So pitiously, yet with a humble mind;  
Sailors who, when the ship rocks in the  
wind,  
Cast out the freight with half averted  
eye,  
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,  
Lest they should never gain the wish-  
ed-for shore—  
Thus we, O Father! standing Thee  
before,  
Do lay down at Thy feet without a  
sigh.  
Each after each our precious things  
and rare,  
Our dear heart-jewels and our gar-  
lands fair;  
Perhaps Thou knowest that the flowers  
would die,  
And the long-voyaged boards be found  
but dust;  
So took'st them while unchanged: to  
Thee we trust  
For incorruptible treasure. Thou art  
just."

### DAILY TONIC.

**SUNDAY.**  
Earth and the Skies Unite in Submis-  
sion.—Matt. vi. 10.  
God's will in heaven's land. It's hap-

piness and beauty are derived from the  
fact that there is no friction to the  
blessed out-workings of the Divine Mind.  
Since earth is just as much God's crea-  
tion as heaven, there is no reason why  
His will should not be as perfectly per-  
formed here as in the skies. God's  
world can never reach His ideal until  
His way is had in every life. Nature is  
in harmony. Man's perversity only  
spoils the picture of the universe.

### MONDAY.

The Lesson of a Life-Time.—Acts xxi.  
14.

The lesson which takes most of us  
longest to learn in the school of sub-  
mission is outlined in this simple little  
verse. Yet upon this depends our peace  
of mind, position in God's sight, and  
success in the service to which he has  
called us. The mysteries which worry  
the heart of others find if not their ex-  
planation in a patient acquiescence which  
takes the annoyance out of them.

### TUESDAY.

Our Privilege to Know His Will.—Col.  
i. 9.

To do God's will we must know it, and  
God has made every provision that  
through the guidance of His Holy Spirit  
we should not be in the dark concerning  
it. Those who seek to know the will of  
God are not denied. There is such a  
thing as willful ignorance, and this is  
dangerous disobedience to be played with  
by anyone.

### WEDNESDAY.

God's Will Done Through Me.—Psalm  
cxlii. 10.

The more we realize the more we  
value the possibility of working out  
Divine purposes in our heart and life.  
It is God's pleasure to make us the  
instrumentality through which His plans  
for the world's blessing are wrought.  
If to this end is involved the pruning and  
perfecting of our character, may we  
still say Amen to His will.

### THURSDAY.

The Only Way in Which I can do it  
Acceptably.—Eph. vi. 6.

To do the will of God so as to receive  
the "Well done" of Heaven, and to as-  
suredly as our capacity admits of fulfil His  
wishes, we must do it from the heart.  
A grudging submission, a hesitating ac-  
quiescence, are mockeries to God, and  
serious faults on the part of the individ-  
ual.

### FRIDAY.

A Whole-Hearted Surrender.—Matt.  
xxvi. 39.

To put God's interests first in all things  
and at all times is to reach nearest the  
soul's ideal attitude towards God. Our  
sorrows will be soothed, our griefs com-  
forted, and our perplexities find meaning  
in proportion to our willingness to place  
ourselves last in our consideration and Hea-  
ven's interests first.

### SATURDAY.

A Life in Harmony with Heaven.—Ps.  
xxxii. 15.

To have a soul fitted with heavenly  
peace amid earthly distractions is high  
ground to attain to. This is possible if  
the soul is continuously in harmony with  
the will of its Creator and His ordering  
of its life and work.

### OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

#### THE GOLDEN CALF.

Exodus xxxii. 1-35.

This narrative shows the Israelites in  
the most discreditable light in which  
they have yet appeared. Their faithless-  
ness here throws all gratitude and con-  
fidence alike aside, and is an instance  
of how soon men can forget the most  
lavish blessings bestowed by Heaven.

The Children of Israel here proved  
themselves to be of that untrustworthy  
type of people who are only to be de-  
pendent upon when their leader's eyes  
are upon them. When his back was  
turned they forgot their covenant and  
promises, forgot his trust in them, forgot  
more than all the ever-present Eye of  
God which was upon them, and wholly  
backslid into an idolatry by which they  
had not been enslaved for generations.

Moses was up in the mount talking to  
God, and staying, as he did, a long while

in that blessed communion, the doubting  
hearts he had left behind concluded that  
they should never see him again. They  
forthwith threw off the restraint which  
his presence would have exercised, and  
their murmurings and questionings found  
vent in the request for an idol.

This shows first that they must have  
been people whose memories were of  
that short, ungrateful character which  
takes God's gifts as a matter of course,  
and forgets the next day by Whom they  
were given. They had had abundant  
proofs not only of the existence of God,  
but of His special favor and blessing  
towards them, yet now they can, in a  
moment's impulse overthrow their faith  
and withhold their service to seek a  
god of gold; and this in the face of the  
fact that they had been so strictly com-  
manded—"Thou shalt have no other  
gods but Me."

Then their action also reveals the  
flimsy spirit which must have actuated  
their worship, even while it had been  
given. If it had been real heart-allog-  
iance to God, it would have been as true  
when Moses was away as when he led  
them personally. Pure religion and un-  
defiled is the same under and without  
supervision—change of leaders, absence  
of spiritual shepherds, or alteration of  
circumstances make no difference to it.

The meet punishment of this iniquity  
would have been destruction, and this in  
justice would have fallen upon the idol-  
aters had it not been for the prayer of  
Moses, by whose intercessory mercy  
withheld the avenging sword and gave  
the undeserving another chance. And  
there have been countless illustrations  
throughout later history that the  
prayer of the righteous prevails with  
God for men.

### NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

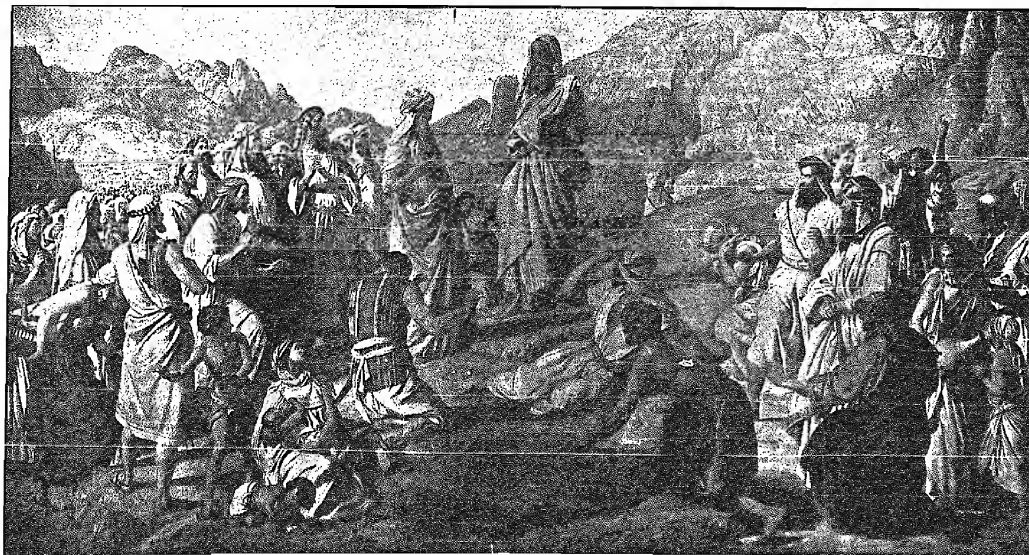
The Special

HARVEST  
FESTIVAL  
WAR CRY!

A Special Number at the Ordinary  
Price.

DON'T MISS IT!

He who is careless and inconsiderate hath  
trouble upon trouble, and suffereth an-  
guish upon every side, because he is  
without inward consolation, and is for-  
bidden to seek that which is outward.



MOSES' DESCENT FROM SINAI.

## Hits and Misses.

### H. F. Preparation Lessons— Founded on Fact.

By J. E. M.

1. Capt. Mc—almost doubled his big target. Magnificent victory! Points by which he won:

- (a) Begun on time.
- (b) Brought the Juniors to the front.
- (c) Advertised the campaign in an original way.
- (d) Arranged stalls for Seniors and Juniors and made a good display in decoration.
- (e) In short, carried out the full program of Hand-Book.

Result—Was a joy to his P. O., an inspiration to his comrades and a comfort to his Commissioner.

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2. E—was going to do a big thing, assumed himself his P. O. and everybody else he came in contact with that his target was all right. Delayed organizing, collecting, etc., until the actual H. F. week. Postponed H. F. sale, forgot to advertise, got a few goods but nobody came to buy, was going to move the earth in theory and "gas," but did not bend himself to it, so he missed his \$80 target by \$80.

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3. Capt. T—does not believe in collecting cash for H. F. because of its injury to S. D., applied himself and forces to acquire produce, goods, etc., his wife buying herself with needle, sewing machine and cloth and getting the sister to join her. Advised to Hand-Book. Sold goods to great advantage at Festival. Hit his target bang—and deserved to.

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4. Capt. —'s corps was behind with rent. Landlord was an outsider—worried the P. O. with the old yarn, "Soldiers and friends don't want money sent out of town." Went down himself under the narrow plea that "Charity begins at home." Forgot the injunction of the Master, "Seek first the Kingdom," and out self and soldiers first and did nothing. Result—Few weeks later rumormongers in the corps, nearly all the soldiers left, the few converts backslid and the Captain and the Army became disgraced.

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5. Capt. —'s corps, in similar difficulty as above for rent, etc., but the debt was three times as heavy. People made the same objections. "Must have the cash applied to local purposes or we won't do anything." Captain stood up to them, pleaded the Bible principle of giving, the needs of the poor and unfortunate, who were in a far worse condition than themselves, shamed them with cases of self-sacrifice and self-denial and tackled the H. F. in dead earnest, saying as she went about it. Some opposed her out and out, some criticized, a few grumbled, others repented and turned in and helped. Result—Hit her target and sent in the cash. God found a way to send the corps a good donation just after. Every soldier was delighted, and promised not to fight the H. F. of '99.

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6. Capt. — miserably failed. Could not bother with reading that long, tedious Hand-Book. What did those who wrote it know about it? They were on the Staff. What did they know about leading a corps? Did a little towards the last, but was so late did not get half the target.

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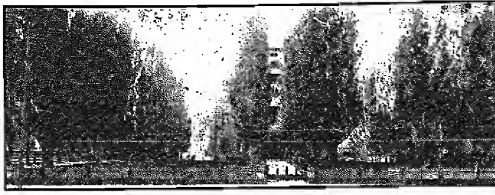
7. The Captain of A—was in early in the morning to catch farmers going to market and had her few soldiers going in all directions. Canvassed systematically for fruits, vegetables and the like. Very small corps, but sent the H. F. up from \$7 to \$19. The same points helped Capt. S— to get \$27, although in '97 they did nothing.

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8. Through the combined effort of system, organization, spirit, determination, good prospect and example, Capt. — fairly drove the H. F. financial returns from \$16 in '97 to \$72 in '98. Not a big town or corps either. This, too, brought Adj. —'s corps from \$40 to \$72.

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9. Mere lack of interest, however, caused Capt. — to miss the target. What did it matter? What advantage would it be to me? There is enough to



Lewiston Public School.

do without H. F. "Suppose I must do a little as I may get court-martialed," etc., and down went the amount from \$20 in '97 to \$13 in '98.

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10. It was real hard work—a simple, practical putting the Hand-Book into action—that made Ensign — bring her corps up from \$30 in '97 to \$41.50 in '98. She will do better still in '99. The same might be said of Adj. —, who, with an heroic struggle, dragged his corps from \$45 to \$60.

## A Trip up North

WITH

Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips.

We did not make a very bright beginning. In the first place, we had to be up at 5:30 a.m. to catch the train, and so felt tired. Then it was the day before the 1st, and the cars were very much crowded. This, with the intense heat, tried our faith and patience a little.

However, we got to Stratford about breakfast time, with two hours to wait. Just time, we thought, to go up and coax Mrs. Adj. Hughes for a cup of tea. No sooner thought of than done, only that Mrs. Hughes did not need any coaxing. We got a good cup too, and life at once took on a brighter hue.

We arrived at PALMERSTON at noon. The land was at the station, playing well for the time they have promised. Ensign Orchard had a dinner and tea arranged for the soldiers, and a very nice time we had. It was the 15th anniversary of the corps. The crowds were very good, the largest for months, and the income over twice the usual for the week-end. Capt. Helman and Sergt. Major and Mrs. Kerswell, of London, were in evidence, the Captain at her old job of "Cec" pushing. The Sergt. Major and his wife sang some lovely duets, and helped along generally. "We are

The Champion Kgoe-Drillers of the District

now," said Ensign, with a glowing face.

In the afternoon we had testimonies from some who had been saved 60 years and some of only a few months' standing. Everyone was the essence of kindness to us, and we enjoyed the visit very much.

On Tuesday we went to DRAYTON and had two good meetings, though the thunderstorm that came up spoiled the crowd the second night. Drayton is a pretty little town, with some good buildings. The barracks also is a credit to the corps. A few faithful soldiers plod on for God and souls, and will surely reap a harvest some day.

Wednesday and Thursday we spent at LISTOWEL. Strawberry festival first night. League of Mercy second. A great deal of interest was shown towards the work of the league. Capt. Mathers and Lieut. Mumford have cleaned and papered the barracks and have things looking very nice. Sec. McKenzie received us with one of her smiles that seem to say, "Make yourself at home," and so we did. One brother told in the open-air did. He had been a Salvationist eleven years, and that previous to that time he had only been

In a Place of Worship Twice in Nineteen Years.

The next week-end was spent at WINGHAM. We always enjoy visiting Capt. Bruden's corps. She has a warm way of bidding you welcome, and making you feel she is glad you came. Wingham is rather hard. Well, that is, it might be softer. The meetings were fairly well attended, and we

believe good was done. Ice cream on Monday. Captain did infinitely better than she expected to.

Tuesday we got home just a little tired, but very much gratified with the trip, and ready to go again. Right on, comrades up north. God sees your toil, and will reward you. Nothing done in His name shall be forgotten.

Among the old stand-bys, we were glad to meet S. M. Scarr, Drayton; Treas. Cowan, Palmerston; Bro. McKenzie, Listowel; Bro. Cantlin, Wingham; and many others, men and women who have stood by the Flag for many years. God bless them. The junior work is picking up all round the district. The locals are working faithfully. Ensign Orchard is a well known figure in that part of the country. Sticking at it seems to be his motto, and he will win.

## GOOD WEEK-END MEETINGS AT ST. THOMAS.

A grand reception was tendered Capt. and Mrs. Keeler here last Friday night, July 21st. They have just returned from their wedding trip, having been married about three weeks ago at Seaford. For six months previous to her marriage Mrs. Keeler, who was then Capt. Elsbary, was our leader in the great Salvation fight, and right nobly did she fill that position. Many were shown the way to Jesus by her, and at the close of the Siege effort, on Good Friday night, 12 or 14 converts, the writer included, and for which I thank God with all my heart, were enrolled by her under the good old Army Flag. She also formed a Senior string band, Junior string band and singing brigade.

We gave her and her husband a right royal welcome back to St. Thomas, where together they will lead us on to fight for God, we hope, for some time to come. The barracks was filled. As Capt. and Mrs. Keeler entered volleys after volleys were fired by the band and by all the people.

After prayer by Capt. Cockerill and Capt. Keeler, the program was gone through to the satisfaction of all. One welcome song, sung by seven Juniors, is worthy of special notice, on account of the words of the song being composed by the Lieutenant for the occasion. The Lieutenant read a welcome address on behalf of the Senior members of the corps, and presented it with a handsome china tea set to Mrs. Keeler, amid great applause. The Juniors also had a welcome address and a present of a silver pickle cruet, which was presented to Mrs. Keeler, on behalf of the Juniors, by Lillie Dickson.

While the program came the supper. The tables were set in the hall in front of the barracks. I don't know how to describe this part of the reception. How the tables groaned beneath the delicacies placed upon them, as the local papers put it, and so on. Lieut. Pickle and Sister Carrie McQueen worked hard to get everything in the best possible shape. The program was grand, and I know the Lieutenant, who managed the whole reception, was congratulated on all sides for the way she had managed everything, especially in the way the tables were set.

On Saturday night we had a good, lively meeting, and all day Sunday God's presence was felt amongst us. At night one dear brother came and gave his heart to God.

While we have been rejoicing over Capt. and Mrs. Keeler coming amongst us, yet we all felt sad at heart on Sunday night at having to say good-bye to our Lieutenant, who has been so faithful and worked so hard amongst us for nearly seven months. That God may bless her and make her a blessing to as many people in St. Thomas, rises from the hearts of all her St. Thomas comrades. —B. G.

## An Adventure On the Fast Freight.

One day in my professional residence at Sedalia, Missouri, I had occasion to go to an adjacent town some miles distant. The engagement being very pressing, I could not wait for the regular passenger train, but was forced to make my way there in the caboose of the fast freight. There were several other gentlemen in the caboose when I boarded it. Among them I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, laboring under the burden of a heavy lag of tools.

It happened that on one side of the engine stood a tub of fat, oily refuse, used, no doubt, for oiling the wheels and parts of the common freight machinery. The atmosphere being very warm, this oily matter had melted and become very sloppy. During the progress of the journey, the carpenter, shifting his position from one side of the car to the other, very unfortunately stumbled over this tub of melted grease, splashing a large part over the clean floor of the caboose. He lamented the accident very sorrowfully, and proceeded, with a few old socks that were lying in one corner, to correct the mischief as quickly as possible.

At that moment, however, the conductor of the train came in. The carpenter, stammered out some apologies; but the conductor, a hot-tempered man, flared up in an instant at the sight of that monstrous grease spot on the immaculate floor of his caboose, and for fully five minutes he showered upon that unfortunate carpenter such a torrent of the vilest abuse that it causes an involuntary shudder even now as I recollect it.

At the next station the carpenter signified his intention of getting off. He appeared to be very nervous, and his countenance showed an unusual paleness, whether on account of the filthy condition of the atmosphere or the fierce onslaught of that brutal conductor I was not then in a position to know. At any rate, prompted by a disinterested and generous motive, I went up to that gentleman as the train was slowing up, and in a kindly manner, offered to assist him and his heavy burden from the steep platform. He looked at me with a most peculiar look of surprise, which, since he said nothing, I immediately construed into an acceptance of my services.

Six years after, I was walking, one evening, alone the streets of Sedalia, when I observed someone coming rapidly along the pavement behind me. When he had caught up with me, he tipped his hat very respectfully, and inquired: "Sir, are you Dr. Y.?" calling me by name, I answered in the affirmative.

"Don't you recognize me?" he said. I replied that I did not.

He then explained that he was my friend the carpenter, whom I had assisted from the platform of the fast freight on a certain hot day in August, over six years ago. I, of course, recollect the incident immediately, and expressed great pleasure to have met him.

"Oh, sir," he went on in a most earnest manner, "but you did a most wonderful service for me that day by your kind offer of assistance. It was only a little act; but, sir, that little act saved me from being a murderer."

I was naturally much surprised at such an announcement, and became greatly interested in the story, but he continued: "I had intended, sir, in the bitterness of my soul, to have revenge on that dog of a conductor. In fact, my mind had already been fully made up to bury that heavy hammer I had with me in his head. But your kind words, breaking so unexpectedly on my dark, gloomy feelings, arrested my unworthy purpose. I was ashamed; but I determined to show myself a man, and kept back the mad impulse that was gaining its control over me. I did it, sir, and I am a free man to-day. God bless you; I shall never forget it."

My heart was too full for reply. I extended my hand, and as the unscrupulous towns sprang up in each other's eyes, we warmly grasped hands and parted. And as I walked home that evening, more slowly than usual, I thought how sweet life would be, if, without such ostentatious philanthropy, or when we sometimes have such an extravagant regard, we might begin to cultivate such a spirit of kindly forbearance and helpfulness, one toward another, that, as the humdrum minutes of daily life are ticking fast away, we might have even filed up by just such little offerings of love and kindness.—Alexander H. Robbins.

## Among

DURING the India, the news (P) strongly upon to much prominent way for me to work amongst

The Pursue honesty race, number as Christ. They ally out-cast, most sacred

They have, beautiful quality, leaving brief, a unique experience, we yearned, and the rest, and love of them

Prayers

Quite early and myself, gently-furnish, awaiting the stress

The door, a sweet-looking, a pretty and shyly, and lastly they saw two fair-faced themselves

Our Editor, She spoke passion, the cushion of the Army in the were the up conclusion

article of the for individual circulation world over. We rose, custom, even what the editor might pray

A startled of the girls, the Editors. It was a Those three having so beautiful

truths of the arms, curly waists, with most attractive there was a

A Divine ing episode

The poet all ing it



## An Adventure On the Fast Freight

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There were several other passengers in the caboose when I boarded. Among them I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, coming under the burden of a heavy load of tools.

I happened that on one side of the caboose stood a tub of fat, oily refuse, and, no doubt, for oiling the wheels of the parts of the common freight machine. The atmosphere being very warm, the fat matter had melted and become sloppy. During the progress of the run, the carpenter, shifting his position from one side of the car to the other, very unfortunately stumbled over the tub of melted grease, splashing a part over the clean floor of the caboose. He lamented the accident very loudly, and proceeded, with a few snuffs that were lying in my corner, to correct the mischief as quickly as possible.

At that moment, however, the conductor of the train called to him. The carpenter hurried out some apologies, but the conductor, a hot-tempered man, flared up in instant at the sight of that man's grease spot on the immaculate floor of his caboose, and for fully five minutes he showered upon that unfortunate carpenter such a torrent of abuse that it causes an itching shudder even now as I recollect it.

The next station the carpenter sized his intention of setting off. He appeared to be very weak, and his countenance showed an unusual paleness. He, on account of the sultry condition of the atmosphere or the force of the hot and brutal conductor I was then in a position to know. At my promptings by a disinterested and pure motive, I went up to that man as the train was slowing up, in a kindly manner, offered to assist him in his heavy burden from the steep car.

He looked at me with a most fair look of surprise, which, since he had no other, I immediately construed into acceptance of my services.

Years after, I was walking, one day, along the streets of St. Louis. I observed someone coming rapidly the pavement behind me. When I caught up with him, he tipped his hat respectfully, and inquired: "Are you Dr. Y.?"

"I answered in the affirmative. 'Will you recognize me?' he said. 'I think I did not.' They explained that he was my old carpenter, whom I had met on a certain hot day in August, six years ago. I, of course, recalled the incident immediately, and said great pleasure to have met him."

"He went on in a most earnest manner, 'but you did a most wonderful thing for me that day by your kind assistance. It was only a little thing, but it did me a great deal of good. I am a man, and kept back the pulse that was gaining its course. I did it, sir, and I am a man to-day; God bless you; I never forget it.'"

## THE WAR CRY.

### Amongst the Fire Worshipers in India.

By LIEUT.-COL. ALICE LEWIS.

DURING my somewhat short stay in India, the conversion of the Parsees (Fire Worshipers) was laid strongly upon their hearts, in a remarkable manner God opened up the way for me to do some Gospel pioneering work amongst them.

The Parsees are a wealthy and haughty race. We include such of their number as embrace the Christianity of Christ. They are absolutely and literally out-cast from the dearest and most sacred ties of relationship.

They have, however, some naturally beautiful qualities, and perhaps the following brief incidents, culled from among a unique experience, will illustrate why we yearn, by the help of God, to draw aside the veil of mystery and blindness, and see them rejoicing in the full light and love of a Saviour's pardoning grace.

#### Prayers with a Parsee Editress.

Quite early one morning my comrade and myself found ourselves in an elegantly furnished apartment in Bombay, awaiting the entrance of a Parsee Editress.

The door opened and in walked three sweet-looking Parsee girls. They formed a pretty and fascinating picture, as half-shyly, and yet with ill-concealed curiosity they sat in Eastern fashion the two fair-faced girls, who, attired like themselves, had called upon them.

Our Editress was one of the three. She spoke perfect English, and we were soon in the midst of an interesting discussion on the work of the Salvation Army in India. Many and interesting were the questions they asked, and in enthusiasm, I was invited to write an article on the late Mrs. General Booth, for publication in their paper that had a circulation amongst Parsees the wide world over.

We rose to part, when, as was my custom everywhere in India, no matter what the caste or creed, I asked if we might pray before we said good-bye.

A startled look crossed the features of the girls, but summoning up courage, the Editress consented.

It was a sight ever to be remembered. Those three girls of grace and talent, having so much, and yet in need of the heavenly, soul-lifting, imprishable truths of Jesus and His love. With arms outstretched around each others' waists, with serious looks, full of almost alarmed interrogation, they stood there as we two knelt to pray.

A Divine influence hallowed the touching episode. God was surely working.



The poor, the starving, the homeless, the suffering children of the street, all cry out to you to give your share out of your stores and harvestings, which you have reaped by the blessing of God, to bless with it your less fortunate fellow-men.

fully present in our midst. And as we entered a burning request to our personal Saviour that He would flush into the hearts of those dear girls His spirit of truth and revelation, we heard timidly and softly whispered across the room from the lips of our listeners an earnest and resolute "Amen."

#### In the Home of the Upper Class.

Sometimes I had to visit alone. On such an occasion, I made my way to the superb and palatial bungalow on Malabar Hill, of one of the wealthiest Parsees in Bombay. I was ushered into an extraordinarily large reception room, furnished for visitors regardless of cost.

Almost every phase of art was exquisitely carved shutters. I must have been waiting fully a half-hour, when one of these shutters was slowly opened and there issued forth a Parsee of slight stature and build. From his clasped hands there hung a string of Oriental beads, while around his waist was the Parsee's triple cord, showing their trinity of desires—good thoughts, good words, good deeds.

As the Parsee approached me he apologized for detaining me by saying "He had been at his prayers." He gave me a most patient and courteous hearing, thanked me for the Salvation Army, for the work it was doing in India, and handed me a liberal donation towards our Social work there.

#### The Parsee Mode of Funeral.

How vague are their ideas of a future hope. I have studied their written works and have conversed with their people. They told me frankly that their women prayed in a tongue the meaning of which they did not know. They rely entirely upon their own merits, and around all their brightest and best intelligence is woven the shadow of the unknown.

I have stood in their burial grounds, the famous Towers of Silence, and have shuddered while one of the best known Parsees of the city explained how they bury their dead.

The corpse is laid upon a stretcher and carried to the cemetery, followed by a few of the nearest relatives. Within a few feet of the Tower, the body is taken by the cemetery attendants and put through an iron door on to a sort of grid-iron inside the Tower. The attendants take every scrap of clothing off the body (which they handle with white-gloved hands), and then wait until the first vulture swoops down through the open-topped Tower and plucks away from the dead face. Then they retire outside, tell the friends which eye was picked first, (as a great deal of significance about the future depends upon this important fact), leaving the vultures to do their awful work. By-and-by the bones of the body drop through the bars right down into the flame-lined pits beneath, where the waters of the sea rush constantly in and carry the whitened bones out into its depths.

The dead is reckoned unclean, and therefore must not defile the elements of

fire, earth, air, or water. Hence this, to us, revolting putting away of those gone before.

#### In the Castle of a Baronet.

I had been instructed to see a Parsee Baronet about our work. One day, therefore, we drove up to his grand looking castle. I was rather surprised at the comparative insignificance of the entrance, as at a distance the palace had seemed so massive. However, we might have walked inside the door, when, to our confusion, we were immediately surrounded by quite a large number of Parsee women, young, middle-aged, and old. Both in English and Gujarathi, they bombarded us with some rather awkward questions, as, for instance, "Were we married?" and "How many children had we?" and so on.

We were feeling extremely embarrassed when a messenger arrived to say we had driven to the wrong door, and that the Baronet and his mother were waiting us at the castle.

(We subsequently found out that we had entered the Dower house, where the Dowager widows of various generations resided together at the expense of the head of the family, the Baronet next door.)

We were cordially received and an account of our work invited. We utilized every opportunity of bringing in the sublime truths and principles of our God. A magnificent Grand Piano was in the apartment, and the Baronet asked me to sing one of our little Army songs. With trembling heart, and with a prayer on my lips that the effort put forth in weakness might be blessed and used of God, I sang in the Gujarathi language that glorious song—

"Just as I am, without one plea."

It was with glad hallelujahs in our hearts my comrade and I subsequently bade farewell, rejoicing that we had been so privileged as to wait through the forty candle on wings of holy song, such messages of Divine rearming and inspiration.

Not always were we thus received but the tokens of appreciation and of regard for our little Army songs, and our chosen native habits, were amply sufficient to encourage us forward in spreading a knowledge of Jesus and His power to save amongst the Fire Worshipers of Bombay.

#### Social Secretary's Notes.

We were pleased to note that the officers of the St. John's Shun Corps, for the month of June, visited:

151 families.  
14 saloons.  
64 sick and dying persons.  
Surely the Saviour will say to these dear officers, "I was sick and ye visited Me?"

Things are looking up at the Lifeboat, Toronto, under Cpt. King. I found that for the month of June 1,275 birds were supplied, and 28 applicants for employment were registered.

But of course the Lighthouse, at Montreal, with more accommodation, does better than that, and records the following high figures for the same month: 2,370 bells and 9,848 meals supplied, and 23 found employment through the labor bureau. Ensign Collier is in charge.

We have received the first reports from Dawson, Oler, Shelter and Woolyard. Adm. Frank Morris, the officer in charge of the work there, reports very favorably.

The following are some of the results of the work accomplished in the different institutions throughout the Territory for the month of June:

7,947 beds supplied.  
16,431 meals supplied.  
187 men have been found employment.  
72 spiritual meetings have been held.

And there were four Shelters to be heard from. And much better will do.

J. S. PUGHIRE,  
Social Secretary.

In my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did not with unwhimpered forehead  
The mists of weakness and delirium;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty but kindly. —Shakespeare.



"These ducks keep calling out: 'Walk-walk.' Why, ye foolish fowl, be content to ride in the wagon. If I would let you walk the five miles to the barracks there would be little fat left on your backs, and you would fetch only a poor price for Harvest Festival."

#### A Prisoner's Poem.

By JNO. W. COGHLIN.

I am a Deer Lodge prisoner,  
But always glad to tell  
Of Him Whom love is with me,  
He saves from the gates of hell;  
Well pleased His captive to be,  
For love, His love, consumeth me.

No bolts, no bars, I never see,  
No stripes or fetters know,  
My prison cell is radiant fair,  
His peace, His presence everywhere;  
I look through God's awn eyes of light,  
He changed them when He gave me sight.

I'll never weary, never sad,  
I'll tell you why it's so,  
My Saviour's arm I'm leaning on,  
He leads to the land of angel song;  
That's why I'm soaring on His wing,  
He is my Shepherd, Priest and King.

I look through grating windows,  
And see the beautiful snow  
Scattered over dale and mountain,  
Where the rivers in torrents flow;  
Whilst gazing on this earthly sight,  
My soul drinks in the heavenly light.

Oh! what nights of peaceful slumber  
I with my Saviour dwell,  
The angels are hovering over us,  
Seeing that all is well;  
That's why I have no fear of night,  
I keep my armour close and bright.

Before I knew my Saviour  
I was in a prison thrown,  
Then I fought in Satan's army,  
With the will of a frenzied clown;  
The shackles of sin were loosed tight,  
One stroke of God's hammer, and all was right.

My comrades of former days, however,  
Lost a fate like mine be yours lot to share,  
Enter the ark while the door stands wide,  
Escape for your life from the tempest and fate;

Let the King of kings your captain be,  
There's a crown in heaven for you and me.

In Emmanuel's armor be fully clothed,  
Go, gird on faith's shield and the Spirit's sword,  
Rivet thy breastplate close and tight,  
And shoe thy feet with the Gospel's light.

Then bind thy loins with truth so fair,  
And salvation's helmet thy brow will wear.

To the breeze let the Gospel's banner wave,  
Go equipped thy brother's soul to save,  
Follow thy Saviour brave and strong,  
He'll lead to battle with His warriors' song.

Prove thy tried weapons against the foe,  
When the victory's won thy trumpet blow.

#### THE DATES FOR THE Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY  
ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th,  
(INCLUSIVE).

## GAZETTE.

## Promotion—

Capt. Thorkildson, to be ENSIGN.

## Appointments—

ADJT. SMITH to take charge of the Indian work on the coast of British Columbia.

ENSIGN THORKILSDON to assist in the Indian work on the coast of British Columbia.

Capt. Rowe, late of the C. O. P., to be District Financial Special in the Montreal District.

EVANGELINE C. ROOTH,  
Field Commissioner.



## "In Everything Give Thanks."

Such is the exhortation of Paul, and such devout men have preached and practised throughout the ages. We are supposed to thank the Lord daily for his innumerable benefits, but there are seasons when we have special opportunities, and can do it in a practical manner and most suitably. Harvest Festival is the most appropriate of seasons for rejoicing and thanking God for His mercies by blessing those less favored than ourselves, and by supporting such efforts that are put forth to advance the interests of the Kingdom of Heaven. We do the planting and cultivating, but God giveth the increase. Let us recognize this, whether we are tillers of the ground or toilers of the shop. It is the blessing of God that mysteriously multiplies the handful of men and the remnant of oil in the cruse of the widow. And it is the curse of God that blights every hope and scatters the ill-gotten wealth of the wicked. Let us, therefore, give willingly in kind of the direct or indirect fruits of our labor, and so make this Harvest Festival a real Thanksgiving Season, a rejoicing in the Lord, a bringing in of the tithes, a gleaming time for the Ruth's of society, and the occasion of a jubilee in heaven over a harvest of souls.

## The S. A. Exhibition.

The Great Salvation Army Exhibition, recently held in the Agricultural Hall, London, has been a unique success. It has brought the multitudes in touch with all phases of Salvation Army work, it has been a gigantic object lesson to every visitor, it has won the sympathy of many indifferent or hostile persons, and has proved a great impetus to our own soldiers and officers. We shall endeavor to describe briefly the main features of the Exhibition in our H. F. War Cry.

The Chief Secretary  
AT THE COAST.

(Special)

The Chief Secretary's Pacific tour has been a grand success all through. Hot reception everywhere. Wedding at Spokane. Great open-air demonstration at Rossland. Met at Vancouver by Indian Band from the North. Excellent meetings. Souls.

HOWELL.



I have just returned from the West. It was only a hurried visit, principally on business, with 23 meetings thrown in. How many times was I asked, "What do you think of the West?" Well, I really could not state the exact number. The Salvation Army, its present and future, is the question that interested me most, and as the crowds are going West thousands of people every year pouring into it, and there is still room for thousands more—my opinion is, we have not heard the last of the great North-West.

At Winnipeg our highest ambitions were reached, as far as the meetings were concerned. Crowds were good, and soldiers were enthusiastic for souls. Arrangements were made for the erection of a new barracks. Adjt. Kerr has arrived, and great things are expected of her. Everybody looks likely for a grand harvest of souls.

We had the privilege of being present at two officers' councils. What a chance these North-West officers have! How the angels would like to take their places and pioneer the Salvation Army in that great country. May these officers be faithful to the great God-given opportunity.

We were sorry to find Major McMillan anything but well; however, some arrangements were made for him to have a rest, which, I trust, will prove very beneficial to him.

My next stop was Lethbridge, after 24 hours' run, passing through the beautiful wheat fields of Manitoba. If I mistake not a bountiful harvest is in store for the farmers. This should make the Harvest Festival a grand success. All along the thought impressed me, the goodness of God in giving the wealth to the nations; without the free air, sun and rain would not be worth a dollar. May we be more thankful and recognize in Him the Author and Giver of every good gift.

Lethbridge is a nice little flourishing town, with plenty of fresh air, plenty of room for growing, beautiful prairies all round, and a beautiful S. A. corps. The principal industry is coal mining. We had a very encouraging meeting and received the greatest kindness from the officers and soldiers. Capt. Mitchell and Lieut. Wicks held the fort.

Now for some mountains. We start at 7:30 a.m. to go over the new Crow's Nest Pass Railway. I am no good at describing scenery, it is not in my line. Hour after hour we go around, along the side, up, over, and down the mountain. Towns are already springing up. We passed by Fernie and Cranbrook. Someone ought to deed a piece of land free to the Army in both of these new towns. Let it be on a front street and not up in the mountain where it is hard to reach.

We arrived at Nelson next day. Brigadier Howell meets us here. We have at Nelson a very nice brass band, a good-sized corps. I enjoyed the very large open-air meeting, also the good meeting inside, with some souls seeking God. The comrades are busy with a building scheme. I think our visit will considerably help them to a successful termination. Adjt. Woodruff and Capt. Bonetto are in charge.

Rossland was all alive the day of our arrival, being Trades' Union Day. We have not heard the last of Rossland yet. Our work has been hindered for want of a large barracks. We held our meeting in the street, a temporary altar had been erected. The city gives a much more solid look, or "come-to-stay appearance" than is generally supposed. The corps is building a new barracks, comprising a large hall, Junior hall, officers' quarters, etc. Capt. Haas and Quent are pushing it in red-hot style.

Looking over the mountains at first it may be considered a little out of the question to be able to have a Harvest Festival Thanksgiving. So it would be with regards to a harvest of wheat and fruit. The harvest of the mountains is not golden grain, but gold, silver, copper, etc. They were placed there by an All-wise Creator; therefore let us recognize it, and render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's.

Spokane, the Headquarters of the Pacific, is salvation all alive. We have here a good corps a Rosene Home, and Men's Belter. I stayed here for two days. We had very successful meetings. The prospects are excellent for a good future. Staff-Capt. Gage is fast becoming a Westerner; he likes the West and the West likes him.

Our finish up was at the coast cities, Victoria and Vancouver. Our visit to the former was very short, owing to some important re-arrangements we had to make. I spent the Sunday at Vancouver. Ensign Lester in charge. Staff-Captain Galt was introduced us

the District Officer of the Coast District, with Headquarters at Victoria. The crowds were good, a very nice influence prevailed all the meetings. There were some seekers at the Mercy Seat.

Adjt. Robt. Smith and Ensign Thorkildson was dedicated to the Indian Work, and has sailed North for the purpose of pushing the claims of God among that race. We had the assistance of the Indian Band on Sunday.

## NOW READY!

## "LIFE OF JOHN READ."

Biography of the late Brigadier Read, written by Mrs. Read, who has endeavored to make the book not only a worthy memorial of a faithful character, but a true portrayal of a typical Army officer's life.

The book will be the size of Mrs. Booth's "Popular Christianity," about 200 pages, and is of two qualities—the first bound in the best English cloth with gilt lettering on the cover; the second with a real good paper cover. The paper in both is exceptionally fine. There will be a good frontispiece picture of Brigadier Read, never before published, and a special memorial song and music, with a small sketch of his last resting place in Abbey Park.

The price has been set at the lowest possible figure, 50 cents for the cloth and 30 cents for the paper. The profits will be devoted to the Rescue Work. In the United States the price will be 60 cents and 40 cents, owing to import duties.

Order at once from Brigadier Mrs. Read, James St., Toronto.

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S TOUR

Colonel Jacobs Visits the Pacific Province—A Most Successful and Enjoyable Tour—Our Western Troops Delighted with the Visit of the Colonel—A Wedding at Spokane—Indian Brass Band Meets the Colonel at Vancouver.

By BRIGADIER HOWELL.

WE hailed with delight the announcement of the Chief Secretary's Pacific tour, and looked forward with pleasure to his arrival at Nelson, B. C., a city of growing importance.

Here we have a splendid corps and a fine band. The P. O. went up the Kootenai Lake to meet our worthy Colonel. He received a warm welcome from both the P. O. and the Western musketeers, who seemed delighted to meet him on the boat.

The meetings Saturday night and all day Sunday were grand in every respect. Everybody was charmed with the Colonel's visit.

Excellent meetings Saturday night and Sunday. The C. S. did a good stroke for God and the Army in the Kootenai. His straight talks went home and many remarked he was a good sample of H. Q. Staff.

July 17th, the day of the Colonel's visit to Rossland, happened to be Miners' Union Day, perhaps the most important day of the year in this part of the world. The rustling Captain of the Rossland corps was up to date, and had obtained permission from the Mayor and arranged a great open-air demonstration. The street was almost blocked and the Colonel received a rousing welcome from the soldiers and citizens of that lively city. The C. S. was much impressed with the supply of ice cream soda, at two bits a dish.

Treasurer Bauer welcomed the Colonel on behalf of the soldiers and citizens. This visit was a grand success.

After a long, thirsty ride on the S. P. and N. B., we arrived at Spokane, the S. A. seat of government for the Pacific Province. Adjt. Stevens had made excellent arrangements for the event. Here

the C. S. met some old and new comrades, who gave him a hearty welcome. Adjt. Stevens, Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd, Ensign and Mrs. Alward and Mother Langtry all took part. An interesting ceremony took place. During the Chief's visit Bro. Vaughan and Sister Green were married under the Flag. Everybody knows the Colonel's ability on such occasions as this. Everything went off in splendid order. Spokane people fell in love with our honored Colonel.

Another flying visit to Rossland, then on to the coast. Victoria gave the distinguished visitor a fitting reception. His stay was very short but he enjoyed his visit.

And now comes Vancouver, the entrepôt city of British Columbia. We were surprised to find the Indian brass band here to meet the C. S., whose visit to the coast was on their agenda. They were highly delighted to find that at last their cry for help has been heard and officers are now sent to them.

The Colonel was charmed with the state of the corps and social institutions. He eulogized the officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Patterson, Ensign Lester and Captain Duthie, for the work done. The meetings here were times of blessing to officers, soldiers and people alike. The Colonel left an excellent impression behind him. The crowds and marches were all that could be desired. The C. S. was ably assisted by Staff-Capt. Galt at Nelson and Vancouver. Sue caught on fine at both places, and I can assure you received a warm reception from her B. C. officers and soldiers. We predict for her a grand run of success on the coast.

Adjt. Smith and Ensign Thorkildson took part in the meetings at Vancouver. Our worthy comrades are appointed to commence operations among the Indians up north. The Colonel seemed very much pleased with his visit. We were delighted with his presence. The P. O. found him a great help while he was passing through deep waters of affliction. God bless the C. S.

Mrs. Griffith, of  
SAINT AND S.

Promoted to Glory  
1889.

"I WATCHED a sail  
from sight  
Over the rounding  
of white,  
A last far-dashed farrow  
thought,  
Slept out of mind, it van-  
not.

Yet, to the helmsman's  
wheel,  
Broad sea still stretched  
ing keel,  
Disaster? Change? Ho-  
est sign.  
Nor dreamed he of the  
line.

So may it be, perchance,  
tide  
Our dear ones vanish,  
glide  
On level seas, nor mark  
hond,  
We call it death—to the  
yond."



MRS. GRIFFITH

Of the Temple Corps.

These beautiful thoughts  
ing away of the saint see  
proprio to one whose  
been a sudden one, and  
through our mind on her  
night call which hush  
spirit of her whose man-  
lines farrow from cur-  
crowning in heaven.  
We always knew that  
life was frail, but that it  
should have been en-  
warning sent a stah of  
the wide circle of office  
friends who knew and  
rads.

One but July night  
er children went to  
Toronto wharf to  
mother, who had been  
days with an old friend  
"I never remember month-  
months," one said after  
both looked and spoke  
a long time."

It was after 10 before  
home, and then her ch-  
them sitting up for a  
At half-past twelve, fe-  
strangeness stealing  
Griffiths called her to  
the gentle paroxysms of  
lowed, only one came  
audible: "Oh, let me  
Before ten minutes  
struggle was over, and  
heaven richer by one w

The sorrow of the child  
was great when the real-  
den less dawned upon it  
bitterest moment they  
for her to whom their  
infinite gain. She had  
suffering in her life, a  
frame was racked by  
trated with weakness to  
she must succumb, and  
grew pale with the app-  
was about to leave  
the last, seemed a  
voice, but whistled  
mouth," and with of  
taken her to the l  
weariness is soothed a  
never known.  
The funeral was a  
wide respect and affect



district Officer of the Coast  
with Headquarters at  
the. The crowds were good, a very  
thence provided all the meetings.  
were some seekers at the Mercy

Robt. Smith and Eusign Thor-  
was dedicated to the Indian  
and has sailed North for the  
of pushing the claims of God  
that race. We had the assistance  
Indian Band on Sunday.

## NOW READY!

## OF JOHN READ."

copy of the late Brigadier  
written by Mrs. Read, who has  
ored to make the book not only  
y memorial of a faithful char-  
ut a true portrayal of a typical  
officer's life.

book will be the size of Mrs.  
"Popular Christianity," about  
es, and is of two qualities—the  
and in the best English cloth.  
It lettering on the cover; the  
with a real good paper cover,  
ner in both is exceptionally fine,  
will be a good frontispiece pic-  
Brigadier Read, never before  
ad, and a special memorial song  
sic, with a small sketch of his  
ting place in Abney Park.  
rice has been set at the lowest  
figure, 50 cents for the cloth  
cents for the paper. The pre-  
is devoted to the Rescue  
in the United States the price  
40 cents and 40 cents, owing to  
duties.

at once from Brigadier Mrs.  
ames St., Toronto.

## MARY'S TOUR

A Most Successful and En-  
gaged with the Visit of  
me—Indian Brass  
Vancouver.

ELL.

But some old and new com-  
to give him a hearty welcome.  
tevens, Adj. and Mrs. Read,  
and Mrs. Alward and Mother  
all took part. An interesting  
took place. During the Chil-  
p, Vaughan and Sister Greag  
cried under the flag. Every-  
shows the Colonel's ability on  
his, as this, as this, as this, as  
splendid order. Spokane peo-  
ve with our honored Colonel,  
r dying visit to Roseland, then  
coast. Victoria gave the dis-  
day a fitting reception. His  
very short but he enjoyed his

ow comes Vancouver, the enter-  
ity of British Columbia. We  
prised to find the Indian brass  
to meet the C. S., whose visit  
to meet the C. S., whose visit  
for help has been heard and  
re now sent to them.  
Colonel was charmed with the  
the corps and social institution.  
ized the officers, Adj. and Mrs.  
ndible; "Oh, let me get home!"  
Before ten minutes to one the last  
struggle was over, and earth power  
heaven richer by one warrior soul.  
The sorrow of the children left behind  
was great when the reality of their sud-  
den loss dawned upon them, yet in their  
bitterest moment they could not grieve  
for her to whom their love meant such  
infinite pain. She had had no much  
suffering in her life, and the very  
frame was racked by agony and pro-  
trated with weakness to which it seemed  
she must succumb, and those watching  
grew pale with the apprehension that she  
was about to leave them. At  
the last seemed as though God's  
voice had whispered, "It is e-  
nough," and with one brief spasm  
laid her to the land where all  
weariness is soothed away and pain is  
never known.  
The funeral was a testimony to the  
wide respect and affection in which our

## Mrs. Griffith, of Toronto, SAINT AND SOLDIER, Promoted to Glory July 28th, 1889.

"I WATCHED a sail until it dropped  
from sight  
Over the rounding sea. A gleam  
of white,  
A last far-fashed farewell, and like to  
thought,  
Slight out of mind, it vanished and was  
not.

Yet, to the helmsman standing at the  
wheel,  
Broad sea still stretched before the glid-  
ing keel.  
Disaster? Change? He felt no slight-  
est sign.  
Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon  
line.

So many it be, perchance, when down the  
tide  
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they  
glide  
On level seas, nor mark the unknown  
bound,  
We call it death—to them 'tis life be-  
yond."



MRS. GRIFFITH,  
Of the Temple Corps, Toronto.

"These beautiful thoughts upon the pass-  
ing away of the saint seem singularly ap-  
propriate to one whose summons has  
been a sudden one, and they flashed  
through our mind on hearing of the mid-  
night call which bade the warrior-  
spirit of her whose name heads these  
lines farewell from earth's service for  
crowning in heaven.

We always knew that her hold upon  
life was frail, but that its brittle thread  
should have been snapped without  
warning sent a shiver of sorrow through  
the wide circle of officers, soldiers and  
friends who knew and loved our com-  
rade.

One hot July night her ill-  
ezy children went down to the  
Toronto wharf to meet their  
mother, who had been spending a few  
days with an old friend across the lake.  
"I never remember mother so bright for  
months," one said afterwards. "She  
looked and spoke stronger than for  
a long time."

It was after 10 before they reached  
home, and then her cheerful chat kept  
them sitting up for a good time later.  
At half-past twelve, feeling a sudden  
strangeness stealing over her, Mrs.  
Griffith called her daughter. During  
the next paroxysms of pain which fol-  
lowed, only one conscious word was  
audible: "Oh, let me get home!"

Before ten minutes to one the last  
struggle was over, and earth power  
heaven richer by one warrior soul.  
The sorrow of the children left behind  
was great when the reality of their sud-  
den loss dawned upon them, yet in their  
bitterest moment they could not grieve  
for her to whom their love meant such  
infinite pain. She had had no much  
suffering in her life, and the very  
frame was racked by agony and pro-  
trated with weakness to which it seemed  
she must succumb, and those watching  
grew pale with the apprehension that she  
was about to leave them. At  
the last seemed as though God's  
voice had whispered, "It is e-  
nough," and with one brief spasm  
laid her to the land where all  
weariness is soothed away and pain is  
never known.

The funeral was a testimony to the  
wide respect and affection in which our

comrade was held. The memorial con-  
ducted by Mrs. Colonel Margetts, an  
old and intimate friend at the Temple,  
was a memorable service. The march  
which followed yet perhaps more so.  
Over 300 people made up the long pro-  
cession, which included Staff and Field  
Officers of all ranks and soldiers from  
all corps. The united band numbered  
30 or 40 players. The six women bear-  
ers, distinguished by white sashes, walk-  
ed just in the rear of the hearse. They  
were Major Stewart, and members of  
the League of Mercy, of which Mrs.  
Griffith was a devoted member.

The floral offerings and other expres-  
sions of sympathy were profuse. The  
Field Commissioner's message, by wire,  
was touching in its tender promise to  
guide and comfort those left behind.

When we reached the quiet Army  
burying ground at Mount Pleasant the  
evening was approaching, but as we low-  
ered all that was mortal of our soldier-  
sister into its last resting-place, the rays  
of the setting sun burst in brilliance upon  
the large crowd, its emblem of the life  
which though lost to sight, had risen to  
everlasting radiance in the skies.

To write a character-sketch of dear Mrs.

Griffith we must read the patience in  
pain which she constantly manifested,  
and the letters of loving service which  
she has inscribed upon hundreds of  
hearts. Hers was a life which, though  
necessarily shut by sickness from front  
rank fight, went about doing good—hers  
was a spirit upon whose deeds could be  
declared, "perfect through suffering."

She leaves her best memorial in her  
children, everyone of whom are given to  
God and the Flag. Two are Staff Offi-  
cers of the Territorial Headquarters, one  
a Captain in the States, and the young-  
est daughter a Candidate for the Field.  
Her one ambition for them was the  
humble, and for this she trained  
them. Speaking one day to  
the writer, some months before  
her death, her young, white face  
lighted up with a heavenly joy, as she  
said, "Oh, God has been more than good  
to me. All my children are His, and  
now, bless His Name, they are all under  
the same Flag."

In the lesson of what a mother's in-  
fluence may do, our comrade, though  
dead, is yet speaking, and many  
who learn it will yet rise up to join  
those who call her blessed.



## UNITED STATES.

Commander Booth-Tucker has just  
concluded an extensive trip through  
the Territory, which has resulted in  
all-round triumph.

During the absence of the Comm-  
ander and Chief Secretary, the Consul has  
put in an exceptionally busy time at  
National Headquarters.

Staff-Capt. Lamb has been appointed  
to temporarily assist Brigadier Chander-  
ler in his Training Superintendence.

The following are some of the Cen-  
tury Targets of the United States:  
100 New Cities to be opened.  
500 Corps to be added.  
200 Outposts to be added.

10,000 additional Settling Accommo-  
dation.  
10,000 additional Soldiers and Re-  
cruits to be enrolled.

2,000 Field and Local Officers to be  
added, including 700 additional Field  
Officers and Captains, 1,000 Corps  
Captains, 500 envoys, 2,500 Local Offi-  
cers and Company Guides.

14,000 additional Weekly Accommo-  
dation in Social Institutions.  
10,000 additional Circulation of  
Weekly Papers.

20 New Citadels, Divisional Head-  
quarters and Social Institutions.  
\$50,000 Century Fund to be raised—  
the same being dedicated to work in-  
among the heathen and special branches  
of work in the U. S. A.

The opening of the Colored work in  
the South and the establishment of  
our work in Cuba and the Philippines  
will probably also commemorate the  
Century Advance.

A Sale of Work for the benefit of the  
San Francisco Children's Home netted  
about \$250.

Mrs. Colonel Higgins has had a most  
successful Sale of Work in Cleveland, O.  
1, S. A., for the Rescue Home. A lady  
gave \$100 to start the proceedings.

Commander Booth-Tucker had a nar-  
row escape during a recent railway ac-  
cident. The train in which he was  
travelling towards Silver Lake Camp col-  
lided with a freight train. The damps  
which broke out spread and only with  
difficulty three of the untoward cars  
were detached and saved. The Com-  
mander escaped unhurt and aided materi-  
ally in the work of rescuing the wound-  
ed and dying, refusing to leave with the  
relief train, in order to be of service  
while service was required. The fatal  
loss was two persons killed and thirty  
injured.

The Silver Lake, N. Y., Camp Meet-  
ings have proved a great hit. The crowds  
have been immense, meetings powerful,  
and over seventy people have sought  
salvation.

The Commander and Colonel Higgins  
have been conducting some triumphant  
meetings at St. Paul and Minneapolis.

## THE BRITISH ISLES.

Sir Walter Besant and a party visited  
the Farm Colony the other day, and  
under the leadership of Commissioner  
Cudman and Colonel Barker (Colonel  
Lamb being unavoidably absent), toured  
round. To say all were interested and  
expressed satisfaction is the very mildest  
report; treble its intensity, and you'll  
be nearer the mark.

Liverpool is likely to have a Social  
Institution of its own before long. A  
certain Social Staff Officer was in-  
structed to find a suitable building. A most  
centrally-situated, spacious property,  
with commanding front, is the result.  
The main terms are agreed, and, prob-  
ably, by the time this meets the eye of  
the reader we shall have acquired that  
which has been so long longed for in  
this busy, populous, and needy city.

## ICELAND.

The "Travellers' Home in Reykjavik  
has proved a great blessing, and a  
help to the poor and needy. From the  
1st of May, 1898, to the 1st of May,  
1899, 2,509 beds have been supplied  
and 2,810 meals served.

The officers' school, besides  
their other duties, and in that way  
get hold of the children, also the help  
of sympathy of the parents.

Staff-Capt. Bryson, who is in charge  
of the work, has just been on a tour  
to Iceland, a little town on the west  
coast of the island. He held several  
successful meetings on board ship,  
and reports wonderful times.

The Staff-Captain, on his tour, held  
over 15 meetings, got over 70 new sub-  
scribers for the War Cry and sold 550  
copies, and had a wonderful time  
spiritually.

Open-air meetings are well attended,  
some hundreds of people listening to  
the Gospel, the Army being the first  
to preach in the open air in that coun-  
try.

On a Sunday night recently might

be heard five different nationalities  
each singing in their own language in  
perfect harmony.

Hotel-keepers proved to be very kind  
to the Staff-Captain on his tour west,  
lending their rooms for meetings, etc.,  
something that has never been done  
before.

## SWEDEN.

Great and far-reaching preparations  
are being made to bring the public to-  
gether under the blessed influence of  
the General's preaching during his  
stay here. Besides the influence for  
good these hundreds of officers and  
soldiers that travel to hear the Gen-  
eral, will accomplish by dealing with  
souls on their journey in cars and on  
boats.

This the Commissioner has specially  
requested should be done.

Major Sundin has lately inspected  
our social institutions in Norrköping.  
Business there is lively. Between 500  
and 600 meals served daily. The yard  
adjoining the steam kitchen is being  
prepared to accommodate guests who  
wish to take their meals in the open  
air, which will be agreeable to those  
working in close shops all day.

About 250 officers will change homes  
at the Congress.

At last report all but 2,000 Kv. has  
been collected for the new Rescete  
Home in Stockholm.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

Brigadier Maidment has been very un-  
well.

Brigadier and Mrs. Barritt have fare-  
welled and sailed for England recently.

It reads rather refreshing when we are  
seeing a cool retreat from the heat,  
that South Africa is indulging in a special  
Winter War Cry in July.

The African party for the S. A. Ex-  
hibition, left on the "Garth Castle."  
Ensign Brailley is in charge, and has a  
native contingent of four men and one  
woman.

## Harvest Festival.

### SPECIAL MEETINGS

Will be Conducted on

Sunday, August 27th,

as follows:

Lippincott—Lt. Col. Margetts.

St. Catharines—Brig. Gaskin.

Temple—Brigadier Pugmire.

Newmarket—Mrs. Read.

Barric—Major Collier.

Richmond St.—Staff-Captain

Creighton.

Cobourg—Staff-Capt. Manton.

Yorkville—Adjutant Wiseman.

Oshawa—Adjutant Adams.

### BRIGADIER MRS. READ

Will Visit

LISGAR ST., on Sunday, Aug. 20th.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

The Special

HARVEST

FESTIVAL

WAR CRY!

A Special Number at the Ordinary

Price.

DON'T MISS IT!





## THE DATES FOR THE Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY  
ARE FROM  
August 26th to 29th,  
(INCLUSIVE).

## HUSTLERS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

A Weekly Peep at our Devoted "War Cry"  
Boomers and What They Have to Say.

(iv.—Sister White, Houlton, Maine.

In selling War Cry I find it the most profitable way to start praying. God will bless me and have such as my main object in view. When I go to this way He helps me to sell my papers. In meeting many different kinds of people, I make it a rule to be kind and interested in them all. Often when I meet a number of men together, I look and judge who is the most likely to buy, then I go to that man first, and, as a general rule, all the rest will follow his example. I love to go into all places and do all I can in any way for my dear Saviour. Who has done so much for me.—Emily White.

V.—Sergt. Case, Hamilton I.

Bro. Case is a typical Englishman, a thorough Salvationist, and a successful War Cry man. He is a member of the Hamilton I. Corps. He believes in being out and out for God and is well known and respected on this account by his workmates at the smelting works, where he is employed. He has sold fifty War Cry's a week for a long time, and during a local competition among the boomers lately, he has sold some weeks over a hundred copies. Bro. Case has the honor of taking first prize in the competition referred to. These sales represent much toil and effort on his part in addition to his regular daily work, but the blessing God gives him more than compensates for all the sacrifice.

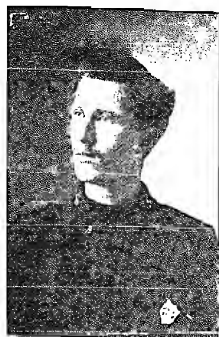
VI.—Sergt. Geo. Stanton, Hamilton I.

Sergt. Geo. Stanton, better known as "Uncle George," is an old warrior of the Cross, and has been fighting the good fight of the Army colors for nearly 15 years. Of the over a hundred soldiers of Hamilton I. Corps, no one is better known or better loved than "Uncle George."

Always at his post, and ever ready with a cheery word and smile to encourage everyone he meets. He is feeling the infirmities of age and is unable to do the outdoors in all weathers as he used, but he never misses kneed-drill and is seldom absent from an indoor meeting. He is a great lover of the War Cry and disposes of about 25 every week to regular customers, who are always glad to see him make his weekly call. Uncle George sings occasionally; his favorite solo is, "There's power in Jesus' Blood."

Let: strength is of the plain root-virtues burn:  
It is the offspring of the modest years.  
The gift of sirs to son through those firm laws  
Which we name God's.

—George Meredith.



Ensign Habbirk, Port Arthur.

### Nelson Inspired by the Chief Secretary's Visit.

NELSON, B.C.—On the 14th and 15th, we had with us Col. Jacobs, Belg. Howell, and Staff-Captain Galt. Good meetings. On Saturday night there was a welcome extended to them by Band-master Frost, on behalf of the band and corps, which, in my opinion, was done in good style. The Baptist minister welcomed them on behalf of the friends. The Baptist minister is a true friend of the Army. Yearly he sends around not being at kneed-drill or business meeting, have to pass them by. Sunday afternoon good meeting. Nearly a full house. In the evening it was grand. I never heard his equal, which is saying a good deal. The Colonel read seven verses from the first chapter of Jonah, beginning at the first verse. I think he missed over the seventh. He dealt it out to the people grand, and at the close two fell into the fountain. Praise the Lord. One was a backslider. Staff-Captain Galt is a nice singer and gave us two or three nice little talks. I would say to the Colonel and Staff-Captain we extend to you a right royal welcome, and will be much pleased to have you with us again. We are preparing to build a new barracks, and when we get it erected we (the Salvation Army of Nelson) will have as nice a church as any of them.—M. S.

WINNIPEG.—We have been having big times in this part of the world since you last heard from us. Staff-Capt. Phillips has been back to Winnipeg, this time to make in the hands of holy matrimony. Bro. D. Ballantyne and Sis. C. Koehler. We had a full house, and everything went off O.K. Among the speakers was Capt. McCulloch, who was watching things very closely. Ensign and Mrs. McKenzie testified of being satisfied to live and work together, also the right-hand supporters of the bride and groom. Capt. and Mrs. Koehler, who have had just two weeks' experience of married life. Adjt. and Mrs. Beakman was all there with their testimony, and the bride and groom's speeches were short, but we shall hear the Staff-Captain did his part well, and gave a very touching appeal to the sinners. After meeting of the invited guests went to supper at the home of the bride. May God bless the married ones, and make them a blessing.—S. R.

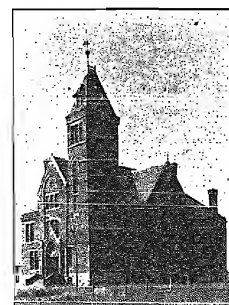


Bandman Watson, Calgary, N.W.T.

## THE WAR CRY.



BUTTE.—On Sunday, July 16th, occurred the farewell services of Adjt. and Mrs. Hay, who came to our city nine months ago. The Hays are tireless workers, and have the respect and good-will not only of those who know them, but of all those who have heard of their diligent efforts. Under them each branch of the Army work now in operation in Butte has been reorganized on a strict Salvation Army basis. The local officers are commendably proud of their work under the retiring leadership. On Sunday at 7.30 p.m., when the soldiers gathered at the new barracks at 233 South Main St., and, after a short prayer service, marched to Park Street, where a good open-air was held. The band does itself and the corps much credit. At the barracks, where the meeting was continued, an interesting testimony meeting was conducted by Mrs. Hay. In behalf of the corps, the local secretary and treasurer each in earnest



Court House, Jamestown, N.D.

words, expressed appreciation of the work accomplished through Adjt. Hay and his wife, adding kindly expressions of their gratitude for their spiritual helpfulness. Rev. Mr. Tongue, of the South Butte Presbyterian Church, spoke at the close of his own service. Mr. Tongue is a resourceful worker himself, and a warm friend of the Army. Both the Adjt. and Mrs. Hay spoke some earnest farewell words. On leaving Butte, the officers will take a short furlough. The blessings of many Butte friends follow them.—By an Outsider.

### A Splendid Troop.

THEOPHORD.—Big time last Wednesday night. We were favored with a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield and troop of Band of Love children from Philadelphia. They gave us an entertainment which was superb and was much appreciated by everybody. To say they are a lovely troop is only putting it mild. Capt. Jarvis is hard at work putting up new quarters.—Times, Ford, B.C.

### Back to the Fold Again.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B.—Our worthy financial special, Ensign Andrews, has spent a week-end with us. Saturday night's lantern service, "Life of Mrs. Booth," was excellent and well patronized. Proceeds for week-end, \$15.75. The people of this town are very generous in their subscriptions towards the work of God. God bless them. One dear man who had been a soldier years ago came back to the fold and got properly saved.—G. P. T.

### A Change of Leaders.

HALIFAX I.—Some wanderers are returning to the fold of God. On Sunday night Adjt. McGillivray and wife and Capt. Jackson, farewelled from this corps and district, after 12 months of faithful work for the Mus-

ter. We have learned to love them for their humble and simple trust and obedience to the Divine will. Quite a number of souls have sought the Lord since they have been here. On Tuesday all the city corps united for the final farewell of the officers of this corps. Quite a big crowd in attendance. Ice cream served at close of the meeting, and the soldiers' meeting was a time of blessing and refreshing from the Lord. They go to Fredericton from here. Friday night was a united meeting to welcome our future leaders in the war in this corps, Adjt. John McLean and wife and Capt. Lamont, a very good meeting. I believe God is going to bless, and make them a great blessing to this corps. On Sunday grand meetings all day, commencing with a good kneed-drill, and a soul in the fountain at night. Hallelujah!—Treas. Cashin.

TILE COVE.—Everything looks bright and beautiful. On Saturday night we had a "sing-song." At the close we had the joy of seeing one soul in the fountain. Sunday was a day that was enjoyed by us all. Good crowds. People are interested in our meetings.—Leander Smart, for Ensign Gosling.

ST. GEORGE'S, Ber.—Capt. Bell, of the Hamilton Corps, was with us on Thursday night. Our string band gave us a selection. Everybody was pleased. Bro. Howe assisted Capt. Beakman on Sunday night. Lieut. Young having gone to the Somerset Corps. The week ended with four souls at the Cross.—R. S., C.C.



Our Barracks at Jamestown, N.D.

ANNAPOLIS, N.S.—On Friday night grand open-air meeting. One soul out at the drum for salvation. On Sunday Capt. Rouse and her sister Maggie were with us. Meetings good. Three out for salvation. Our new D.O. has paid us a visit, which was much enjoyed by all who met him. Capt. Smith and Lieut. Ducomb in command.—M.L.R.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—The new officers arrived Thursday, to proceed, with God's help, in the war against sin. The meetings have been very good, with one precious soul in the Fountain on Monday night. He is doing nicely. Ensign and Mrs. Cummins, with the music lantern, spent several days with us, and their visit was appreciated by all. The last night of the Ensign's visit Brother and Sister James' little girl, Edith May, was dedicated to God and the Army. The little one was very good during the service, and we pray that she will be a great blessing in the future to the world. Twelfth July had ice cream social, with Vancouver, Nanaimo, and Kamloops companies with us. All seemed to enjoy the ice cream, as it was a very warm day.—M. for Capt. L'Herrouard.

BEAR RIVER.—We are enjoying a visit from our worthy brother, Ensign Happy Jim Miller. He is enjoying a much needed rest. By the way, Bear River is a lovely spot to live in. What with the cherries and other good things God makes to grow, and is ever reminded of His bountiful goodness and mercy.



The Treasurer of Brandon Corps.

Next week we shall have something good to report. In the meantime, everybody pray for the success of our work in this part of the vineyard.—Sec. Morrice, Cor.

CARIBERY, Man.—Capt. LeDrew and Lieut. Woodworth have taken the places of Capt. Stoukes and Lieut. Halstein. We have only a few soldiers, but they know how to fight. Good week-end. In spite of the heat, our crowds were good, and they gave quite liberally. The War Cry are all sold. Although we closed the day's fighting without any visible results, we feel confident the Spirit was working. The Major's two youngest boys have come to help us for a time, and we are believing for real good times.—Trifloria.

STRATHROY.—Did you hear of our scout? Someone from Toronto was present who was Captain Hildbrand's first trainer. Capt. Jarvis also reviewed his former battle-ground. A special treat was the singing of a jubilate, illustrating certain Bible characters residing in the Saviour's arms. May His outstretched arms save many.—M. Haldane, Cor.

LIANAIL, N. D.—Had Adjt. Case with us for three days. Saturday evening the Adjutant dedicated J. S. Secret. Major Meredith's little girl to the Lord. We had large crowds on Sunday and real good times. We are expecting a blessed season at our Camp Meetings.—Capt. F. H. Brown, C. O.

LIANAIL, N.D.—The most wonderful event of the season took place in the Salvation Army at Lianail, July 3, '99. Our comrade, Lillian Curtis, was united in marriage to Walter J. McKim, of Manitoba. The service was conducted in the Methodist Church by Rev. Mr. Sizor, assisted by Ensign Hayes. The soldiers marched over with their flag and drum, after which Ensign Hayes gave out a good Salvation Army song. Then the wedding march began. It was led by Rev. Mr. Sizor, followed by the bridesmaid, Sister Russell, the bride, the bridegroom and the groomsmen, Capt. Mercer. The vows were taken, and they both testified as to their desire and intention of following their blessed Master. Although we lose one of our soldiers, yet God has given us another. While Ensign Perry was here, he enrolled Sis. Froemer as a Blood and Fire soldier.—R. C.



Mr. Reid, Y.M.C.A. Secretary, Shagway.

## A Visit from the Bishop.

ROSSLAND, B.C.—Here we are again, right side up. God is blessing us in a special manner, especially with special. "Hallelujah!" Our new Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Gage, with us on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, accompanied by "Bishop" Howell, of Spokane, our P.O. God bless them both. Tuesday's meeting, led by Staff-Capt. who is still as full of fire as ever. On Thursday Brigadier officiated and led a meeting, which pleased all, but on account of circumstances, will report later. Keep your eyes open for something good in the future. Capt. Quant came to assist Capt. Hans. We are all looking forward with joy to the visit of Col. Jacobs (on the 17th), and our spirits run high for a good old time. Thank God for the dear old Army.—D. McDougall.

## Original.

INGERSOLL.—Talk about originality—this is the town it thrives in! Listen to some of the free-and-easy speeches of last Sunday. "The people who are a hindrance to revival to-day are those who hold a profession, yet don't know when they were saved. God help them! You can't get up a fire of sea-soaked wood, neither can you make a fire of these world-soaked Christians. They need to be kind-dried before they catch fire for God!"—Friend, "I want to jump on sin and the devil with both feet." "I'll do it, too."—Sister Mrs. Mayor. "My old pet knows as when I get saved, I used to kick the dog and cuff the cat, then bang the door and go off cursing. Now I never goes out without giving my old pet a sweet kiss!"—Happy Jim Childs. "When I came to the Great Physician He didn't say like some other physicians do: 'Hold on a minute till I tend to someone else.' He looked after my case at once and healed me of all my sickness."—Bro. Jim Hill.—M. K. C.C.

MEMEE.—Capt. Loft is rejoicing over the arrival of Lieut. Forsyth. I am sure we are all glad to meet her. We had with us Saturday and Sunday Capt. O'Neil. Monday was a day of big times. We had Major and Mrs. Turner with us. We were pleased to meet our old friend Mrs. Turner. She was our captain some seven or eight years ago. There were also present Bro. and Sis. Mosley and Inst. but by no means least, Adj. Wiggins, from Lindsay. Altogether we had a good time and a nice crowd.—R.C.

PETERBORO.—Although you have not heard from us for some time, we are glad to be able to report victory. Adj. Aikenhead and Capt. French have said farewell. God bless them! They have seen many precious souls entered since coming here. We have welcomed to our midst Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Burditt, who are going to lead the Peterboro' braves on to victory in the future. Already they have reached the people's hearts. We and them to be a full old-time Blood-and-Fire, never-give-in warriors. The holiness meeting on Sunday morning was a time of power. God did draw near and while Staff-Capt. poured forth the burning truths, we were coming to look at our own hearts, and to pull ourselves up to the standard of a whole-hearted service. Sunday night also was a time of God's passing by. Many were deeply convicted of sin, but we had to close without visible results, but feeling sure it was not in vain.—Cadet May Lang.

WINDSOR, N. S.—The new Provincial Officer, Major Pickering, and Staff-Capt. Taylor paid us a visit on Wednesday, July 7th, which proved a blessing and help to us. The officers from the District were in for the occasion, so helped to make things lively. S.M. Howells, of Digby, was also with us. God has blessed us since last report, sinners have been saved, backsliders are coming home, and interest is being revived.—Trans. McPhie.

TRURO, N. S.—Only one week in Truro, but we are having no intermission time. Large crowds in the open-air and collections good. On Thursday night, while the Captain was speaking, an outside gentleman passed in \$1, and on Saturday night while he was singing "From the General down to me," a young man made a trust of him, and did not cease the bombardment till his coin was expended, amounting to upwards of \$100. Miss McCully, Superintendent Berchfield Mission in this town, and who goes to attend an anniversary on Wednesday, is joining us there, which we will occupy till her return, about the first part of September. We are hoping to have a good time and pray

that there will be a shaking and a coming together of the bones. Amen.—A.H. and N. S.

MIDLAND.—We have the devil and again. Thursday night a young man left the meeting unsaved, but was glad to return and give his heart to God. Sunday, good meetings, and at night one backslider, the ex-secretary, returned to his Father's fold. In God we trust, for souls we fight.—J. M. McGinn.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—Easien and Mrs. Young, from Cleveland, Ohio, with us for week-end, also Bro. and Sister Young, from "Oak Bar." P. Q. Great crowds at open-air, and fair crowds inside. Finances good. God bless the Yankees. Come again.—G. P. T.

HUNTSVILLE.—Sunday saw a poor backslider in the Fountain. The League of Mercy work here among the hospitals and sick is a source of great blessing, and the Serpents in charge of this part of God's work are looked for among the sick and wounded. The Christian friends are getting warmed up, and to see the way they enjoy themselves at the "after the prayer meeting praising time" makes our hearts praise Him.—J. C. Sargent-Major.

BARRIE.—Ere this is in print, we shall have had our honored Commissioner to pay us a visit. We are doing our utmost to make the meetings a success, which we have no reason to doubt, will be a gigantic affair. We all say God bless our noble Lord and the boys on the India rubber horse. Sunday all day we had a special time. The evening's meeting was a solemn time, it being the farewell of two comrades for the Training Home, Sis. Beardsley and Sis. Parsons. The former has been a Salvationist from a child. The family are being touched as she expresses her obedience to give her daughter for the Lord's work. I might say, passing along, Barrie has sent out some 60 cadets. Monday evening was to be the final farewell. The Secretary had a very beautiful program arranged for the evening. Our secretary stands second to none on such occasions. God bless you! Jesus will say some day. She hath done what she could. It was one of the best farewells we have had the privilege to attend for the past nine years.—Capt. W. Lewis.

## A Clean Heart for the Barracks.

INGERSOLL.—What a busy scene. "The barracks is going to have a clean heart!" triumphantly announces the Captain, as he flourishes in true workman style a huge paint brush. "How do you like the paper?" "Want things be fine?" "Am I the paint?" "Follow in quick succession. We think it's going to be very nice—so neat and pretty when completed. Now, it's my turn to ask a question: "Anything for the Cry this week, Capt.?" Oh, yes, tell them about the four souls on Sunday night, and the poor wanderer who came out in the afternoon (Captain's eyes fairly glistened at this point) and the Sunday night open-air. And the crowds! And the "delighting!" It was my best day in Ingersoll! We see the quantity of work on every hand, so, having the material for a report, hustle off, rejoicing that things are steadily improving round town in Salvation Army circles.—Corps Cor. M. K.

## St. John III. on Fire.

ST. JOHN III. is on fire, and although we have had many hard battles with the evil spirit, we did not shirk from our post of duty, but rather went up the hill of Calvary a milestone further, and by the fire of the Holy Ghost, we forced back the power of darkness. Eight precious souls were set free from their slus. Our meetings are being felt all over the town, for everywhere we line up in the open air, great crowds are coming to hear what the Lord has been doing for us, and, by the testimonies and the power of God backing them up, many precious seeds are being sown. We had the pleasure of having our new commanding officer, Major Pickering, with us on Sunday morning, and we all got a big blessing, as he is well supplied with the power of God. The lessons he taught us will stand by us in this great work of soul-saving.—Cor. C. W. Marshall.

NANAIMO, B.C.—Sunday, July 5th, Capt. Pennefather, Lieut. Bell, and several from Rossland, Capt. Pennefather has spent seven months in charge of the work in Nanaimo, and it was a time of great blessing to her. The

Lieutenant was in Nanaimo for two weeks only, and, with the Captain, regretted leaving the comrades, who have been exceedingly kind to them; also the many friends who in different ways helped to brighten and cheer them on the way. The jail meetings were very good, and we had the privilege of receiving a letter from one of the men, saying he had given God his heart while in the jail, and was still pressing upward and getting along nicely since he left. The farewell meeting was good, and the officers left encouraged to fight on in other fields.—M., for Capt. Pennefather.

## Many Happy Returns.

LETHBRIDGE.—Praise the Lord for our second birthday, and, although but a young corps, we have met with glorious success, and, by God's grace, we earnestly hope to continue. Right from the opening of this corps we have been greatly favored with visits from our Eastern leaders, and, really, I must think we are the people, for even the railroad company here are favoring this town by a shorter route to the West, with a daily train, and we earnestly pray the time will not be far distant when we shall have the pleasure of a visit from our beloved Commissioner. We shall all be pleased to spare no expense in giving her one of the grandest receptions ever given, and, at the same time, would result in a great harvest of souls. Ere this appears we shall have celebrated a three-days' special anniversary meetings, at which time an enrollment of soldiers will take place; also other items of interest.—Wm. Farver, R.C.

## Perth's Sympathy All Right.

PERTH.—The population of this place is, roughly, about 4,000. It has seven saloons and as many churches, not counting the Salvation Army, which gives the "Influence for good" a little the majority. There is no doubt about the people of Perth liking the Army. They show this by the way they buy the War Cry and give to the collections, especially in the open-air. Let me instance: We stand three times during the week, and our average collection is \$50, and from an ordinary week-night attendance of 36 people we get \$1. Carriage money from soldiers' meetings, composed of two, \$1.00. Again, I am wondering if there are many places that can beat this. The chief of police is our staunch friend, and he is now rejoicing that his labors are much lightened, owing to the fact that his messengers or servants at the barracks is not required. (S.B.—We should be pleased to see him as an auditor.) Have been here two weeks. Have not seen any souls at the mercy seat, but am doing some mighty believing for a real definite work being done for God.—Richard Pugh, D. O.

## Six Souls Saved.

RAT PORTAGE.—Saturday night one soul in the Fountain. Sunday, good meetings all day, ending with five souls being saved. Easien and Mrs. Habbick have now taken hold and are leading their soldiers to victory.—M. E. H. Rea, Cor.

## Bandman Smith's Baby Goes on Before.

It is my sad duty to report to the War Cry the rather sudden death of the only child of Bandmaster and Mrs. Smith, of Montreal. Little Worley was not spared to our comrades long—about five short months, and they are left without him. His short life was one of suffering. Jesus would not let the child endure any more pain, so He took him to Heaven. On Monday, July 17th, the spirit returned to God. Who gave it. Major Hargrave conducted the funeral service at the home of our comrades. Everyone present must have desired to have as good a record in heaven as our little soldier-boy Worley had, for I must not forget to say that he had been dedicated to God and the Army. God has wonderfully upheld the parents, and their resignation to the will of God has proved that they were a living faith in the words that "He doeth all things well." Adj. Goodwin.

## NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

The Special

HARVEST FESTIVAL WAR CRY!

A Special Number at the Ordinary Price.

DON'T MISS IT!

## Warriors' Weekly Witness-Box.

## My Experience of Sinful Thoughts.

Once I was a slave to sinful thoughts. How I used to delight in indulging and harboring evil imaginations in my heart, and having bitter feelings towards my fellowbeings, especially if they had done me an injury, real or imaginary. My thoughts would lead me to build castles in the air of the most vile things imaginable. I really enjoyed myself in giving free course to my evil thinking, and many times putting my evil thoughts into practice. But evil thoughts are the outcome of a sinful and corrupt heart.

If the tree is good, the fruit will also be good; if corrupt, the fruit will also be corrupt. I praise God that, through His convincing Spirit, I was led to feel myself a lost, guilty and undone sinner in His sight, and needed a Saviour. God was enabled by His help to confess and forsake all my sins, and by faith accept Him as my Saviour and Deliverer. I praise God now for a pure heart, pure thoughts, desires, feelings and motives. Praise God for such a wonderful salvation for whosoever will.—Treas. Cashin, Halifax I.

## Billy Williams, of Jamestown.

How did I get saved? Well, that is a mystery to me, and something I can never explain, even to myself. I have tried several times to get at a full explanation of the matter, but always with the result that there were so many seemingly disconnected incidents leading up to the time and shaping the events of my miserable life that I can only attribute it to the hand of God.

I had been on a spree lasting over four months when I met the Salvation Army; the Hallelujah band being the first thing that I remember at that time. I met a man and a woman soldier of my acquaintance were selling War Cris in the saloons in E. G. Forks. I bought a Cry. In a few days I met them again on the street, and I bought another Cry. The Captain talked to me about my soul and I promised to attend the meetings in Grand Forks, although I must confess that I had no intention of doing so. Soon after the Army marched to East Grand Forks, and in the ranks were men with whom I was well acquainted. I saw the many stand they made, and as they gave their testimonies I believed them and took hope in my heart that there might be salvation for even me. If I could only do something to deserve it. So I began to make resolutions and break them, and got more and more miserable until I was just on the verge of suicide. In the state I determined to attend the meetings, and in order to be sure to get into the hall I filed in with the march, and after being twice pushed out of the line I managed to get into the hall. Though the hall was packed, I could see no one but those on the platform, could hear nothing but the songs and testimonies of my old associates in sin, and although I did not go to the penitent form that night, I prayed to God to pardon my sins. I said, "O Lord, have mercy on me and save me from myself and the devil that is leading me; but whether You save my soul or not, if You will help me I will quit my ungodliness right now," and I believe I even heard my prayer, for though I was drunk at the time I have never touched one drop of drink since.

The next meeting found me early in my seat waiting with full patience I might and for the invitation to come to the penitent form. I went there and the work was done.—Bro. Williams, better known as "Billy" Williams.

When a man both come to this, that he seeketh comfort from no created thing, then doth he perfectly enjoy God, then also will he be contented with whatever shall happen unto him. Then will he be neither rejoice for much nor be sorrowful for little, but he committeth himself altogether unto God, and putteth his trust into God. Who is all in all to him, to whom nothing perisheth nor dieth, but all things live to him and obey his every word without delay.

## MAJOR T. PROGN

## C. O. P. N.

WE have received a number of interesting letters from our friends in the U. S. A. There are a number of individuals to whom we have written, but shall, by the way, have had as many as 100 letters from the U. S. A. at this time.

## District Targets.

The targets for are as follows:

Toronto District  
Hamilton District  
Barrie District  
Lindsay District  
Bracebridge  
Sudbury District  
Owen Sound  
Bowmanville

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## 1st Class Targets.

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## MAJOR TURNER'S PROGNOSTICATIONS,

—END—

### C. O. P. Notes on Harvest Festival.

WE have read the Editorial commenting on the West Ontario Province and their efforts in connection with the coming H. F. battle, and would like to inform you, Mr. Editor, that the C. O. P. does not intend to take a back seat in the effort, which is upon us. There are many things in the Central which are against us in efforts of this kind which perhaps others have the advantage of. At the same time past efforts have proved that we are not the individuals to be overthrown by difficulties, but still, by the strength of God, Who has helped us in times past, become masters of the situation, and His blessing we shall come out distinctly on top at this Harvest Festival Effort.

#### District Targets.

The targets for the respective Districts are as follows:

Toronto District	..... \$507.00
Hamilton District	..... 237.00
Barrie District	..... 175.00
Lindsay District	..... 172.00
Burlington District	..... 165.00
Sudbury District	..... 120.00
Green Sound District	..... 115.00
Bowmanville District	..... 85.00

The targets for the Barrie, Lindsay and Burlington Districts are almost equal. It remains to be seen, however, who will take the first place in the race. Adjt. Cameron, Wiggins and Scar are three old warriors at efforts of this kind, and it will be interesting to know who will come out on top.

Adjt. Moore's District target equals that of Owen Sound and Sudbury Districts combined. It remains to be seen whether the latter Districts united will leave the Adjutant away in the shade, or whether he will secure another \$100 on top of his District target.

For the benefit of all concerned, we have arranged the corps into five classes, which places we believe they will not only maintain, but will leave the same far behind.

#### 1st Class Targets.

Temple \$110, Liger \$100, Hamilton \$85.

Hardly had Staff-Capt. Archibald received word of the effort, and what the target for the Temple would be, than he came in with cheerful news that he had already received one-quarter of his target in donations, and has since received other substantial donations, which leads us to believe that he will not only secure his target of \$110, but will go away above the rest.

Ensign Fox and Adjt. Moore are, however, hard after the Staff-Captain, and it would not surprise us after all if Liger Street, with all the worthy followers we have there, did not come out on top. However, time will tell. Ensign Fox and Adjt. Moore are made of good material and no doubt will give Staff-Captain Archibald a close run. I would not be surprised if Adjt. Moore springs a surprise on me and carries off the laurels for the C. O. P. after all.

#### 2nd Class Targets.

St. Catharines \$70, Farm Colony \$70, Phippsburg \$70, Lindsay \$60, Riverside \$60, Sudbury \$60.

The largest target in this class is Ensign Williams' of St. Catharines. He has had a personal talk with the Barrie relative to his target, and he assures us that he expects to come out with flying colors. There, however, will be some keen competition in this class, as the notable Adjt. Wiggins, Adjt. Brien, and Adjt. Miles are all entered in the same.

Ensign Wynne, unfortunately, has just taken sick, which will cause Riverside to suffer somewhat. In the absence of her husband, however, Mrs. Wynne is taking hold of things with a will and with the united assistance of Riverside braves, who knows but what she will come out at the head of this class?

Sudbury will make itself felt with Capt. Stephens at the helm, although they have not the opportunity of collecting a lot of farm produce, still, the minute to him and obey his every word without delay.

come to the help of our comrades and see that they secure a glorious victory.

#### 3rd Class Targets.

Yorkville \$55, Barrie \$50, Orillia \$45, Bracebridge \$45, Newmarket \$40, Bowmanville \$40, Owen Sound \$40.

We have some worthy fighters in this class, embracing three D. O's.

Capt. Rose has assumed command of Yorkville and with the plans that he has already put into effect, will come out with flying colors as far as that corps is concerned.

As to the three D. O's, Adjt. Cameron, Adjt. Scar and Ensign Smith, it will remain to be seen who will come out on top. There is not very much difference in the targets.

Ensign Smith, however, gave us a pleasant surprise last year and did a magnificent thing at Owen Sound. Who knows but that she will take the head of this class for 1900.

Capt. Crawford has just taken hold of Owen Sound, and we have faith to believe that she will not only secure the \$50, but will accomplish a victory that will surprise us all.



Capt. Rennie and White, at Orillia and Newmarket respectively, will both secure a bull's-eye. In fact, if we mistake not, they will both make strong efforts to come out the head of the class. Capt. White has told me of some of his plans for the Harvest Festival effort, which, if put into effect, will bring him out among the champions of 1900.

#### 4th Class Targets.

Huntsville \$35, Barry Sound \$35, Greenwood \$35, Midland \$35, Richmond St. \$35, Collingwood \$35, Little Current \$35, Hamilton 11. \$35, Brampton \$30, Orillia \$30, Fenelon Falls \$30, Mens Shelter (Toronto) \$30, Exeter \$27, Dundas \$27, Dovercourt \$27, Peterborough \$25, Oshawa \$25, North Bay \$25, Hamilton Shelter \$25, Kilmont \$25, Aurora \$20, Menard \$20.

There is the largest number of corps in this class and also a considerable amount of talent and genius. The \$35 targets embrace such fighters as Capt. Brant, Wilson, Nelson, McEwen, Clark, Sherwin, Hanna and Wicks.

There will be keen competition among these corps for first place. Several of these officers have already created for themselves a reputation in the days gone by in connection with the special efforts, and we shall look with a great deal of expectancy for each one to secure a glorious victory.

Capt. Clark, apparently, did not want to commit himself, when talking with her the other day, but with a merry twinkle in her eye, we could see that she intended to give us a pleasant surprise.

I am not sure in my own mind as to who is likely to take the first place. If I mistake not, however, Capt. White will leave all the rest behind. The \$30 targets include Ensign Fletcher. Capt. Mitchell, Capt. Lott, and Capt. Barker. Ensign Fletcher will have his hands full to compete with these three sisters, and will have to use all his energies in order to hold his place with either one of them.

Capt. Lott and Barker have secured many victories in days gone by, while Capt. Mitchell, with her Brampton braves, will not be prepared to take a back seat.

This will be a very keen and also a very interesting race among these four competitors.

Those fighting the \$27 class are Capt. Jones, Capt. Cornish and Lieut. Poole. The first day's effort with Lieut. Poole, of Dovercourt, put in was with the re-

sult that he secured one-quarter of his target, wheeling 60 miles to do so, and returning to the city with his face radiant with joy, as he explained to me the glorious day's success God gave him in not only collecting for the Harvest Festival, but in also doing some visitation among a number of country friends that he met, and talking to them of Jesus and His wonderful love.

I would not be surprised—well, I will not express myself here—Capt. Jones and Cornish will have to use every energy or else Dovercourt may take the lead. Still, Capt. Cornish has a fixed determination that neither one shall get ahead of him. Capt. Jones has done some special collecting for the repairs of his larrados, but still will not allow this in any way to impede the progress of the H. F. scheme. On the other hand, this ought to help him with the Harvest Festival effort.

The \$25 targets take in Capt. Slater, White, Gunninge, and Lieut. Young. Capt. Slater has already written us of victory. We have also heard from Oshawa to the effect that we need not be concerned about them getting their tar-

however has been taken up with a will by the officers. The soldiers, in many instances are enthusiastic for the scheme and we predict a glorious Harvest Festival success.

The assurances that have come in from almost every part of the Province have been most cheering indeed, and we have no fear but what each one will be able to report a glorious victory in connection with this effort for 1900.

The prayers of the Brindler and Provincial Staff are ever with you. We remember you at the Throne of Grace and shall follow you in your fight and struggles to come out with flying colors.

### OUR N.-W. BOOMERS.

(Arrived too late for Hustlers' page.)

Cadet E. Custer, Winnipeg	..... 140
Capt. Kenna, Minneapolis	..... 110
Mrs. Adjt. Barr, Fargo	..... 92
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	..... 85
Capt. Baason, Calgary	..... 81
Lieut. Russell, Moose Jaw	..... 73
Capt. Stakes, Grafton	..... 65
Cadet McLeod, Prince Albert	..... 63
Cadet D. Castler, Winnipeg	..... 63
Capt. Lloyd, Devil's Lake	..... 62
Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William	..... 59
P. S. M. Gilliam, Portage la Prairie	..... 55
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton	..... 53
Lieut. Anderson, Minot	..... 53
Sergt. Lang, Port Arthur	..... 45
Mrs. Ensign Hinkirk, Rat Portage	..... 42
Cand. Nuttal, Portage la Prairie	..... 42
Capt. Livingston, Fort William	..... 40
Mrs. Capt. Westcott, Selkirk	..... 40
Capt. Clark, Virden	..... 40
Capt. McKay, Jamestown	..... 40
Lieut. Cook, Brandon	..... 40
Mrs. Hannah, Selkirk	..... 40
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	..... 37
Lieut. Hammond, Larimore	..... 35
Lieut. Draper, Larimore	..... 35
Capt. Mercer, Lishon	..... 33
Capt. Flaws, Emerson	..... 33
Capt. Peares, Monson	..... 33
Sister Gamble, Rat Portage	..... 27
Dussan Hayes, Brandon	..... 26



Two Views of Bismark, N.D., After the Great Fire of Aug. 8th, 1898.

get. While Lieut. Young, of Kilmont, writes to us "If you cannot get me help for H. F. then, please God, I will tackle it alone, and get there." Capt. Gunninge, of North Bay, is by no means the largest officer in the Province, but we would not be surprised if she came out the head of the class, leaving all others in the shade.

She has several plans in hand which she has not yet revealed to us, but which will secure for her a glorious victory if only properly executed.

#### 5th Class Targets.

Oakville \$15, Chesley \$15, Orangeville \$15, Stroud \$10, Ambler Harbor \$10.

This class embraces the balance of the targets for the C. O. P. Capt. Wiseman, Fisher, Welch, Culbert and Sergt. Reynolds, of Stroud, will see to it that their respective corps come out on top.

While these are not the largest targets, still to raise the amount put down for each place represents a great deal of work and toil, but with the hearty cooperation of the few that our comrades have to help them, we are sure that they will come out with flying colors.

This will be a keen race and will need all the sanctified energy, determination, and push of all concerned. The matter,

Sergt. Johanson, Winnipeg	..... 25
Capt. Askin, Grafton	..... 25
Lieut. Hangan, Monson	..... 23
Capt. Glover, Lishon	..... 22
Mrs. Benl, Neepawa	..... 22
Cadet Gamble, Rat Portage	..... 22
Lieut. Bland, Bismarek	..... 21
Capt. Westcott, Selkirk	..... 20
Capt. LeDrew, Carleton Place	..... 20
Capt. Cromarty, Oakton	..... 20
Capt. Hinkirk, Bismarek	..... 20
Lieut. H. Hinkirk, Neepawa	..... 20
Sister Dearden, Rat Portage	..... 20

Donations to the Montreal Industrial Home, for the month of June, 1899, are herewith thankfully acknowledged:

Mr. H. Johnson, \$10; Mr. H. H. Lyman, \$10; Ladies of the Maternity Hospital, St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., and Messrs. Gault Bros., \$5 each; Mrs. Brown, Robt. E. Lovell, \$2 each; J. W. Striding, J. N. McKim, James Elliott, John Walker, Wm. Mann, H. J. Johnson, Lansing Lewis, A. C. Matthews, G. G. Foster, Colin McConig, Dr. Striding, Mrs. G. B. Banks, A. Friend, \$1 each; other donations of 50c, and less, also gifts in kind—clothing and food.

# HUSTLERS' CORNER

Arab Just One Head's Length Ahead  
—Nigger Getting up Speed—A Little  
[More Oats for Mag—No Apparent]  
Danger from the Eastern Star  
for Some Time to Come.

Ninety-five hustlers names sent from West Ontario, and ninety-four from the Central I. Stop and think what it means. It implies that the tropical heat has not evaporated Nigger, but rather agrees with him. This is a very good indication, but will Arab give Nigger a chance to get ahead? This is the vital question, and next week will bring the answer.

Mag, of East Ontario, is a good horse. It trots well, and pulls the chariot of the Province along at an even speed. But why should it not develop into a better speed horse? What is it that is wrong? Is it the whip, the curry-comb, the vet., or some good oats? Probably several of these items in harmonious blend. Pardon our suggestions, Major Hargrave.

The Eastern Star is a long time rising. We have looked and strained our eyes to see its brilliant rays above the horizon, but the hills of Ontario have hidden its glory from our longing gaze. Still we have hope. Why should we not, since the East has all the opportunities to make it cock of the Hustler's competition?

As to others—God bless them—they are making a brave fight. The North-West is late-in-fact, has not arrived yet—and unless we receive it very shortly, will have to hold it over next War Cry. The Pacific is keeping up, and Newfoundland is coming on. If the N.W. or the Pacific would make a united effort to collect hustler's names, I believe they could beat the East easily. Good-bye.

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

95 Hustlers.

Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham	223
Sergt. Clark, London	225
Capt. Carr, Brantford	170
Sergt-Major Mrs. Baueman, Stratford	165
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Galt	154
Lieut. Kitchin, Woodstock	130
Lieut. Herwood, Goderich	110
Lieut. Ringler, Petrolia	108
Capt. Foster, Petrolia	82
Mrs. Adlt. Blackburn, Windsor	80
Capt. Slat, Hespeler	85
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	71
Capt. Hoddinott, Strathroy	70
Lieut. Crawford, Wingham	67
Lieut. Mackin, Wallaceburg	65
Capt. Hector, Clinton	65
Mrs. Rock, Ridgeway	64
Capt. Coe, Sarnia	61
Ensign Gamble, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Pyre, Clinton	60
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway	60
Capt. Sitzer, Dresden	55
Adlt. Blackburn, Windsor	51
Adlt. McAmmond, London	50
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	50
Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	50
Sister Gordon, Paris	50
Sister F. Erb, Berlin	50
P. S. M. Smith, Guelph	47
Capt. Halsey, Bayfield	45
Capt. Hollett, Wainburg	45
Sergt-Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph	44
Capt. Linton, Forest	44
Sergt. M. Allan, Mitchell	42
Mrs. Adlt. McHarg, Brantford	42
Capt. Mathers, Listowel	40
Sergt-Major Denning, Hespeler	40
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	40
Lieut. Crank, Bothwell	40
Capt. Burrows, Chatham	40
Sister M. Schuster, Berlin	39
Sister D. Bond, Wingham	37
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich	37
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	37
Bro. Bonn, Wallaceburg	36
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston	35
Mrs. McGrath, Tilsonburg	31
Cand. Dignan, Guelph	35
Sergt-Major Graham, Thamesville	33
Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock	33
Sister Pickle, Leamington	32
Lieut. Mumford, Listowel	31
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston	30
Capt. Rees, Norwiche	30
Sister Whales, Leamington	30
Capt. Jurvis, Theford	30

Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	30
Sister H. Bell, Berlin	29
Adlt. McHarg, Brantford	28
Mrs. Huntington, Bleinheim	27
Lieut. Hodgson, Paris	26
Sergt. P. Palmer, London	26
P. S. M. Virtus, Windsor	25
Capt. McDonald, Drayton	25
Sergt. Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Lieut. Jordinson, Leamington	25
Carrie McQueen, St. Thomas	25
Lieut. Pickle, St. Thomas	25
P. S. M. Mrs. Nor, Ingersoll	25
Capt. Coy, Berlin	25
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	24
See. Mrs. Harris, London	23
Lieut. Harman, Wyomihg	23
Sister Cutting, Essex	23
Capt. Huntington, Bleinheim	22
Ensign McKenzie, Essex	22
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Essex	22
Lieut. Stickle, Mitchell	21
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	21
Sister Quirk, Strathroy	21
Capt. Green, Simcoe	20
Gertie Cheeseman, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Sister Quirk, Strathroy	20
Sister Melton, Strathroy	20
Lieut. Winters, Strathroy	20
Mrs. Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Lieut. Hart, Norwiche	20
Capt. Melroy, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Heckin, St. Thomas	20
Sister A. Coppins, St. Thomas	20
Sister F. Chatterton, McGregor	20
Corps Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Capt. Chatterton, Dresden	20
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Berlin	20

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

94 Hustlers.

S. M. Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	110
Lieut. Stickle, Owen Sound	72
Capt. Matthews, Brantford	70
Lieut. Poole, Dovercourt	63
Capt. Wilson, Collingwood	63
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	62
Capt. Redburn, Riverside	58
Cadet W. Turner, Oshawa	58
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	54
Lieut. Trickey, Richmond St.	53
Sister Pearce, Temple	51
Sergt. Medlock, Temple	50
Capt. Hanna, Parry Sound	50
Capt. Mrs. Schwarzenberg, Lindsay	50
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	50
Lieut. Liddard, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Stephens, Sudbury	45
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury	45
Sister Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	45
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	40
Lieut. Craig, Orillia	40
Adlt. Cameron, Barrie	40
Capt. Gammage, North Bay	40
Lieut. Huskinson, North Bay	40
Capt. McCann, Midland	38
Capt. Remble, Orillia	38
Sergt. McQuig, Temple	36
Sergt. Mrs. Killguck, Lindsay	35
Lieut. Edwards, Little Current	35
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	35
Lieut. Dales, Meaford	34
Bro. Dixon, Temple	34
Capt. F. Welch, Orangeville	32
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	31



Good-bye, Amarantha, I can't stand it any longer. Here our horse is behind in the competition. I am going to hunt up the lost War Cry hoovers.

Lieut. Boaz, Midland	36
Lieut. Young, Kilmount	30
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	30
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville	30
Capt. Mainland, Aurora	30
Lieut. Pattenden, Huntsville	30
Lieut. M. Howcroft, West Toronto	30
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II.	30
See. Daniels, Hamilton I.	30
Sister Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	30
Capt. A. Sherwin, Huntsville	30
Lieut. E. Pattenden, Huntsville	30
Bro. Thomas Boyer, Brucebridge	30
Sec. Woolyard, Collingwood	28
Lieut. Copper, Brantford	27
Capt. Mitchell, Brampton	27
Capt. Barker, Fenton Falls	27
Capt. Charlton, Lindsay	26
Capt. Howers, Meaford	26
Sister Cook, Temple	26
Bro. Burrows, Temple	25
Capt. Rose, Richmond St.	25
Bro. Newsom, Richmond St.	25
Sister Mrs. Ferguson, Parry Sound	25
Capt. Kivell, Bowmanville	25
Capt. Lewis, Barre	25
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	25
Lieut. Tins, St. Catharines	25
Adlt. Moore, Hamilton I.	25
Sister T. Goe, Hamilton II.	25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton II.	25
Capt. J. Howcroft, West Toronto	25
Sister Emily Howell, Riverside	25
Sister Richards, St. Catharines	22
Sergt-Major Courtemanche, Norland	22
Capt. Lott, Omeenee	22
Lieut. Northcutt, Omeenee	22
Cadet Stickle, Lippincott	22
Cadet Maisey, Lippincott	21
Bro. Curry, Hamilton II.	21
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott	21
Cadet Curwardine, Lippincott	21
Sister Tenore, Richmond St.	20
Capt. Beant, Little Current	20
Sister Benies, Richmond St.	20
Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	20
Sergt. Boulton, Temple	20
Sergt. Copeland, Huntsville	20
S. M. Cockins, Meaford	20

Bro. C. C. Gooda, S. A. Farm	29
Ensign Peavoy, Dovercourt	29
Capt. White, Oshawa	29
Bro. Danah, Sudbury	29
Sister Mrs. Bralbeer, North Bay	29
Sister Eden, Yorkville	29
Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	29
Sergt. Sister Copeland, Huntsville	29
Capt. Fisher, Chesley	29

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.

Capt. Williams, St. Albans	200
Sergt. Mrs. Dangle, Ottawa	145
Capt. French, Peterboro	135
Sergt-Major Perkins, Barre	135
Capt. LaLonde, Morrisburg	105
Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury	100
Ensign Lill, Belleville	90
Sergt-Major Simmons, Kingston	80
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Downey, Montreal I.	75
Lieut. Williams, Kempsville	75
Mrs. Kettle, Ottawa	70
Capt. Beardsell, Tweed	65
Capt. Connors, Belleville	65
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	63
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Verd	62
Cadet Bushey, Montreal II.	62
Bro. Phillips, Barre	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Lieut. Cook, St. Johnsbury	60
Capt. Blose, Prescott	60
Capt. Owen, Gananoque	60
Capt. Brown, Burlington	60
Lieut. Ludlow, Burlington	60
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	58
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	58
Capt. Banks, Newmarket	57
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	57
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook	55
Sister Darling, Port Hope	55
Lieut. Hickman, Napawan	51
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Magee, Arnprior	50
Cadet Weir, Gananoque	50
Lieut. Pitcher, Pembroke	48
Sergt-Major Thompson, Cobourg	48
Ensign Ward, Kingston	48
Adlt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	45
Capt. Grose, Trenton	45
Lieut. Woods, Deseronto	45
Cadet Birtch, Deseronto	43
Corps Cadet Walsh, Cobourg	41
Sister Smar, Deseronto	41
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Campbellford	40
Sergt-Major Mattice, Cornwall	40
Sergt. Mrs. Cooke, Ottawa	38
Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	38
Lieut. Ash, Prescott	35
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	35
Sergt. Cadwell, Montreal I.	35
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal I.	33
Ensign Walker, Barre	32
Ensign Stinger, Port Hope	31
Lieut. Carter, Bloomfield	31
Capt. Patten, Peareton	30
Sister Barber, Kingston	30
Sister Merchant, St. Johnsbury	30
Capt. Yaker, Napawan	30
Capt. Symonds, Castleton	30
Lieut. Carter, Castleton	30
Adlt. Goodwin, Montreal I.	29
Bro. Lalanc, Perth	27
Sergt. McEwan, Arnprior	27
Capt. Crego, Oshawa	25
Mrs. Stephenson, Peterboro	25
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	23
Sergt. Mrs. Coghlin, Kingston	23
Bro. Rutledge, Montreal I.	21
Sister Wentworth, Kingston	20
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	20
Dad Duggett, Trenton	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Ensign Verr, Montreal III.	20
Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.	20

S. M. Childs, St. Johns I.	183
Sister Smith, Twillingate	183
Cadet Summers, St. Johns I.	183
Cadet Wimmer, St. Johns I.	183
Cadet Hill, St. Johns I.	183
Capt. Hisecock, Hauler Grove	183
Sergt. March, St. John I.	183
Sergt. Clark, St. John I.	183
Sergt. Laiden, St. John I.	183
Cadet Duder, St. John I.	183
Cadet Knight, St. John I.	183
Capt. Meillon, Sherburne	183

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

55 Hustlers.

S. M. Smith, Windsor	183
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Moncton	183
Capt. Thompson, Campbellton	183
Sergt. Veno, Halifax II.	183
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney	183

See. Ellis, Charlottetown	10
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax I.	10
Cadet Wyatt, St. John I.	10
James Kelly, St. George's, Her.	10
Cand. Dora Long, Summerside	10
Sister Mirey, St. John I.	10
Lieut. Smith, Truro	10
Sergt. White, Houlton	10
Lieut. Lebars, Amherst	10
Lieut. Mielke, Hillsboro	10
Lieut. Richards, St. Stephen	10
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	10
Capt. Horwood, Truro	10
Sister Rogers, St. John III.	10
P. S. M. Wauschan, Charlottetown	10
Patricia Armstrong, St. John III.	10
Adlt. Byers, New Glasgow	10
Sister Fisher, Halifax I.	10
Bessie Rogers, Halifax I.	10
Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	10
Capt. Allen, Kentville	10
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	10
Cadet Murrithough, St. John I.	10
Cadet Lamont, Halifax I.	10
Cadet X. Murrithough, St. John I.	10
Lieut. Netting, Canning	10
Sister Holton, Windsor	10
Bro. Read, St. John I.	10
Sister Smith, St. John III.	10
Lottie Jones, Halifax II.	10
Mrs. Ensign Lusher, Glace Bay	10
Sergt. Warren, Houlton	10
Mrs. Pettie, New Glasgow	10
Alma Traflet, Fairville	10
Ensign Wright, Chatham	10
Sister Dinkin, North Head	10
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	10
Eliza Kent, Bear River	10
Jessie Irons, Windsor	10
Robt. Clark, Windsor	10
Lieut. Fudge, North Head	10
Mother England, Chatham	10
Ensign Parsons, Sydney	10
Sergt. Black, Charlottetown	10
Ensign Fraser, Moncton	10
Capt. Ritchie, Moncton	10
Chas. McKay, Moncton	10
Lieut. Taylor, Halifax II.	10
Lillie DeLong, Houlton (?)	10

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

36 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lloyd, Bute	2
Sister Smith, Rossland	1
Sister Lewis, Victoria	1
Mrs. Capt. Barker, Kaslo	1
Capt. Noble, Billings	1
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Lewiston	1
Capt. Ziebart, Kamloops	1
Lizzie Covey, Nanaimo	1
Lieut. Bette, New Westminster	1
Sister Johnson, Rossland	1
Lieut. Trill, Livingston	1
Lieut. Long, Dillon	1
Bro. McDonald, Spokane	1
Capt. Krell, Bayveltoke	1
Adlt. Stevens, Spokane	1
Lieut. Saint, Belt	1
Sister Porter, Victoria	1
Mrs. Bory, New Whetum	1
Capt. Perrenoud, Victoria	1
Sister Little Parr, Kaslo	1
Capt. Beaumont, Livingston	1
Sister Wallender, Rossland	1
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	1
Mrs. Carter, Bute	1
Capt. Lacey, New Whetum	1
Sister Maltby	1
Lieut. R. Gah, Roseman	1
Bro. McHugh, New Whetum	1
Lieut. Carstens, Belt	1
Mrs. Adlt. Dore, Spokane	1
Sister Alley, Spokane	1
Sister Barstow, Spokane	1
Capt. Milled, Sheridan	1
Lieut. Grenvot, Sheridan	1
Capt. Quant, Rossland	1

## NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

12 Hustlers.

S. M. Childs, St. Johns I.	183
Sister Smith, Twillingate	183
Cadet Summers, St. Johns I.	183
Cadet Wimmer, St. Johns I.	183
Cadet Hill, St. Johns I.	183
Capt. Hisecock, Hauler Grove	183
Sergt. March, St. John I.	183
Sergt. Clark, St. John I.	183
Sergt. Laiden, St. John I.	183
Cadet Duder, St. John I.	183
Cadet Knight, St. John I.	183
Capt. Meillon, Sherburne	183

WINDSOR.—We had some of old-time power on Sunday. God is in mighty power upon the people in general. One man rushed in the street and put his arms around Bro. Lloyd and said, "Can you help me? We soon had the drum in the ring he cried out at the top of his voice. Jesus to save him, and God came did a real work in his heart. I heard hundreds cry, but never one like this poor man did, and the Lord heard him and took him in. Shout you don't soon cry for a situation you cry in hell. We have got our 11, target and I have faith for victor. Adlt. S. Blackburn.

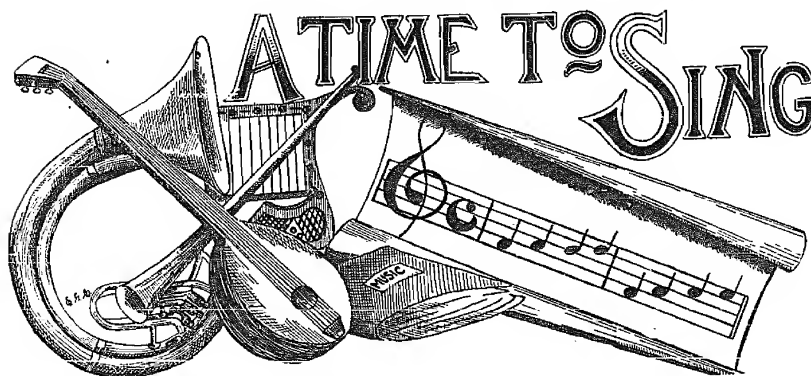


"I'll cure you of these naughty tricks. Here I have been waiting for that War Cry all day, and you sent the girls away when they called around with it. You'll

not try this again, my boy. 'Share the rod and spoil the child,' Solomon says, but I won't spoil you, darling."







Tunes.—Wareham (B.J. 151, 2); Rockingham (B.B. 32); Montgomery (B.J. 211, 4); To heal the broken heart (B.J. 127, 4).

1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,  
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for Thyself prepare a place.

Oh, let Thy glorious presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which yearns to have no other will  
But day and night to follow Thee!

While in this region here below  
No other good will I pursue;  
I bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

Tunes.—Consecration (B.J. 197, 1); Missionary (B.J. 178, 2) (repeat chorus); John Anderson, my Jo (B.J. 127, 4).

2 My body, soul and spirit,  
Jesus, I give to Thee,  
A consecrated offering,  
Thine evermore to be.

#### Chorus.

My all is on the Altar,  
I'm waiting for the Fire.

O Jesus, mighty Saviour,  
I trust in Thy great Name,  
I look for Thy salvation,  
Thy promise now I claim.

Oh, let the Fire descend  
Just now upon my soul,  
Consume my humble offering,  
And cleanse and make me whole.

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,  
Washed by Thy precious Blood;  
Now, seal me by Thy Spirit,  
A sacrifice to God.

Time.—'Twas a very happy day (B.J. 64).

3 I've had an elevation  
From sin and degradation;  
I once was bound, but now I'm liberty.

I'm journeying to heaven,  
The power to me is given  
To live a life from wickedness set free.

#### Chorus.

Salvation I can recommend,  
To bring all shining to an end;  
Then come and have it now, my friend,  
'Tis offered unto thee.

"I'll get saved here to-morrow,"  
Some said; but, to their sorrow,  
That day to them has never come,  
They've missed their way to glory.  
How sad to tell the story:  
They're growing now in hell—oh, bitter  
doom!

But if you'll come to Jesus,  
Who died from sin to save us,  
And pardon claim as you forsake your  
sin,  
You shall receive salvation,  
Just now, from degradation.  
And happy be with Jesus' love within.  
W. H. Cox.

Tune.—For the Lion of Judah shall  
break every chain (S.M. 1, 203; B.B. 60).

4 Whoever gave like thy Redeemer  
and God?  
'I've parted with even my last drop  
of Blood;

With the voice of My sufferings I'm  
speaking to thee:  
I have given up My all, what wilt thou  
give to Me?"

#### Chorus.

Every drop of Thy Blood, Lord, was  
given for me,  
And the best I have, Lord, I'll give unto  
Thee.

"I've lightened thy crosses and made  
thy crown bright,  
My victories have made it more easy to  
fight;

I've borne thy transgressions, thy Sav-  
iour to be,  
I've suffered for thee, wilt thou suffer  
for Me?"

#### Chorus.

Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary,  
Where Jesus groaned and died for me:  
Oh, praise the Lord, my soul is free,  
For Jesus died instead of me!  
I'm trusting, blessed Lord, in Thee,  
Who paid my debt on Calvary.

When lost in sin and doom'd to die,  
He freely laid His glory by,  
And came, to save a wretch like me,  
From Heaven down to Calvary.

Such love it broke my stony heart,  
And made me long, from sin to part:  
I saw there was no other plan,  
But Jesus died on Calvary.

## COMING! NEXT WEEK!

### The Special

# Harvest Festival "War Cry."

It will contain articles by

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER,  
COLONEL JACOBS,  
LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

Various Provincial Officers, Staff-Captain Cowan,  
Adjutant Page, and others.

### EXCELLENT ILLUSTRATIONS.

### A SPECIAL NUMBER BUT THE SAME PRICE.

"I am the Good Shepherd to care for  
the lost,  
To be thy Redeemer My life it has cost:  
To learn self-denial My life and death  
see:  
For the world I have died, dare you face  
death for Me?"  
The late Colonel Pearson.

#### He Died for Me.

Tunes.—Oh, Benah Land! or, Happy  
day that fixed my choice (with old  
chorus).

5 My soul is full of praise to God,  
For I am washed in Jesu's Blood;  
The debt of sin which was on me,  
Was paid by Christ on Calvary.

"Twas done, my sins He washed away,  
And keeps me by His power to-day;  
My song in life and death shall be,  
He bore my sins on Calvary.  
Major Baugh.

Tunes.—How will you do? (B.J. 170);  
Oh, how He loves! (B.J. 35); There  
is a better land.

6 When you come to Jordan's flood,  
How will you do?  
You who now condemn your God,  
How will you do?  
Death will be a solemn day!  
When the soul is forced away,  
It will be too late to pray.  
How will you do?

You who laugh, and scorn, and sneer,  
How will you do?

When in Jordan you appear,  
How will you do?  
Can you then your terrors brave,  
Say you have no soul to save,  
When you sink beneath the grave?  
How will you do?

You who have no more than form,  
How will you do?  
Can you brave the awful storm?  
How will you do?  
When the waves of death assail  
Every reed and prop will fail,  
Forms will be of no avail—  
How will you do?

#### NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

HARVEST  
FESTIVAL  
WAR CRY!



#### In Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of  
the globe; helped and, as far as possible, assist  
wronged women and children, or any one to difficulty  
Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert  
St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope.  
Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to delay as  
possible.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look  
regularly through this column and to notify the  
Commissioner if they are able to give any information  
about persons advertised for.

#### (First Insertion).

ELIZABETH BARKER. When 11  
years old, was sent from Kirkdale  
Schools, Dec., 1883, to Messrs. Calvert,  
Wainstall Mills, Mount Tabor, Halifax,  
Yorkshire, England. Left there five  
years ago to join relatives in Liverpool.  
Her sister, Annie Jane, now Mrs. Hewitt,  
West Derby, Vermont, enquires. Ad-  
dress Enquiry, Toronto.

ROBERT GARDINER. Dark com-  
plexion, dark hair, mustache and eyes,  
medium height, age about 30 years. Last  
heard of in Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 18th,  
1897. Barber by trade. Mother anxious-  
ly enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

JOHN J. NEWSON. Height 6 feet,  
blue eyes, curly red hair, age 20 years.  
Last heard of two years ago. May have  
gone to Klondike. Mother in St. Thomas  
very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toron-  
to.

GALLOWAY, LOUIS E. Age 32,  
height 5 feet 5 inches, dark eyes and  
hair, slender. Last heard from in Key  
West, Florida. Address Enquiry, Tor-  
onto.

STURTON, HERBERT. Age 44,  
blue eyes, high forehead, slightly bald.  
Generally wore a heavy beard. Height  
5 feet 9 inches, weight 180. May be in  
Klondike or any northern gold mine.  
Wife anxious. Address Enquiry, Tor-  
onto.

#### (Second Insertion.)

WALTER BURROUGHS. Age 31,  
height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, dark eyes,  
farmer. Last heard of in Montreal.  
Any news of him gratefully received.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MRS. LUNON (nee Lamb) last heard  
of in Barrie nine years ago. May have  
gone to U. S. A. Dark complexion,  
height 5 ft. Has two thumbs on one  
hand. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SHOOP CAMPBELL LAIRD. Fair



complexion,  
blue eyes,  
brown hair,  
slender, me-  
dium height,  
well educated.  
Last  
heard of in  
Tacoma, W.  
T. Mother  
anxious to  
be re-located to see  
her only child. Has money for him.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

STEWART, C. R. Last heard from  
in Regina. Aunt Lavina Stewart, of  
Ingersoll, wishes to hear from him.  
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

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